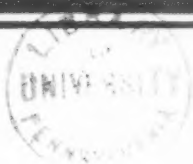


THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1919

# *Reedy's* MIRROR

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## THANKSGIVING

### A Plan to Prevent Big Strikes

The Court of Industry With Appeal to the Referendum

### Terror Against Terror

The Raids Set Over Against the Dread of the Reds

By the Editor

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### THE NEW YORK EVENING POST SAYS:

"A provocative little volume."

### UNITY SAYS:

"The Old Freedom" is a splendid touchstone for the sincerity of several classes of men: we should like to know what the leaders of labor, the representative employers, and the advocates of the progressive socialization of industry think of this book. It will greatly simplify their thinking—if only they sincerely want their problem solved. If they want to temporize, they will find nothing but discouragement in the book, for it holds up before them the utter failure of every such attempt in England."



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## New Books Received

HAUNTS AND BY-PATHS AND OTHER POEMS by J. Thorne Smith, Jr. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.25.

Poems in a reverent and introspective mood for the most part—on the war, the sea and the philosophy of life.

LOU AND BEHOLD YE! by SUMNER MACMANUS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.60.

Short stories, true Irish tales, by one of Ireland's most valiant apologists. Illustrated by Mabel Hart.

DEEP WATERS by W. W. JACOBS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.60.

Nine short stories of the English sailor a-sailing and ashore but mostly ashore. Illustrated.

THE BURGESS BIRD BOOK FOR CHILDREN by THORNTON W. BURGESS. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$2.50.

This is a story book for children which in addition to affording interesting stories should create in the child a love for birds. It tells about their color, habits, nesting, notes, etc., the information being imparted to *Peter Rabbit* in the spring by the various birds themselves. Fifty-seven full page color plates.

GUY FOMBER by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$2.

The younger brother of Cosmo Hamilton and of Philip Gibbs here recites his experiences, observations, achievement and deductions during four years' service with the English army. Although he enlisted as a private and attained the rank of major, he comes out of the war a confirmed pacifist. This book tells why. Introduction by Philip Gibbs.

THE FILIATRE ADVANCING by Edward Gordon Craig. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$2.

The author is a son of Ellen Terry and a recognized European constructive critic. In this volume he discusses various innovations in lighting, mechanical effects, stage settings, the use of masks, marionettes, open-air and daylight performances, etc., and advances suggestions for further improvements both in the mechanism and the personnel of the stage. Defining an artist as one who is satisfied with nothing short of perfection, he states boldly that there are no artists of the stage today.

TALES OF FOLKS AND FAIRIES by Catherine Pyle. Boston: Little-Brown & Co., \$1.60.

The sort of fairy tales that all children love, with beautiful princesses and brave princes and kindly old women who work magic in favor of the lovers and animals that talk. They are taken from the folk lore of the Scandinavians, Scotch, Russians, Serbs, Persians and Arabians. Illustrated.

MORE PORTMANTEAU PLAYS by Stuart Walker. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Co., \$1.75.

The success of the Portmanteau plays has evoked this second volume, which contains "The Lady of the Weeping Willow Tree," one of Walker's most effective plays; "The Very Naked Boy," a whimsical bit of foolery, and "Jonathan Makes a Wish," a three-act play with a strong appeal. The book is edited by Edward Hale Bierstadt, who also supplies a reminiscent introduction.

MADELINE: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY with an introduction by Judge Ben B. Lindsey. New York: Harper & Brothers, \$2.

In his introduction Judge Lindsey vouches for the truth of this autobiography. The author is now a respected member of society but for many years led the life of the underworld. Her story is written frankly. Lindsey recommends that it be read by people of maturity and pondered over with a view to changing our social laws in a manner to make such lives impossible.

THE ROMANCE OF AIRCRAFT by Laurence Yard Smith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes.

The history of man's conquest of the air told in a sprightly manner from the pioneer days of gliders, parachutes and balloons to the present heavier-than-air machine. The author describes the difficulties that confronted the inventors and relates how they were gradually overcome. A large portion of

the book is devoted to the part aircraft played in the war. Numerous diagrams and illustrations from photographs. Indexed.

JOHN MCCORMACK: HIS OWN LIFE STORY transcribed by Pierre V. R. Key. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$3.

Equivalent to an intimate visit with the American tenor during which he recounts his experiences and achievements and takes the reader with him behind the scenes at his concerts. He has given Mr. Key access to personal letters and private documents and the result is a quite convincing biography. Portrait frontispiece by Arnold Genthe and other illustrations.

WITS AND THE WOMAN by Violet Irwin. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.75.

This is good reading for those who fancy thrilling adventures befalling beautiful maidens. This heroine is a shop girl whose keen wits and sharp tongue carry her from behind the lingerie counter to Canada and Monte Carlo and eventually into marriage, and she tells her own story with a wealth of sizzling slang.

ALEX THE GREAT by H. C. Whitver. Boston: Small-Maynard & Co., \$1.75.

The author of "From Baseball to Bosches" carries his humor and his slang back to America and introduces a young hero from Vermont who takes New York by storm and conquers business obstacles whichever way he turns. His slogan is "You can do it!" and he does it.

TWO MEN by Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday Page & Co., \$1.75.

Two brothers, one of sound body and character, the other with misshapen body and twisted soul who becomes the former's evil genius, the woman they both love, and rural England—these are the elements of Mr. Ollivant's latest novel.

A CAVALIER MAID by Emelie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. New York: Macmillan Company, \$1.75.

A historical novel of the time of Charles I. This unhappy monarch's unscrupulous servants lead *Georgiana* into many perils in the hope of securing her fortune for the Cavalier cause. She is kidnapped and taken to America on a Puritan ship so that the recital of her adventures gives a picture of both new and old England of those days. Numerous full page drawings by Emelie Benson Knipe.

DAISY by Ruth Brown MacArthur. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

*Daisy* is a precociously good and talented little girl who nevertheless manages to get into quite a bit of mischief notwithstanding her efforts to obey her maiden aunt. She finishes in running away but doesn't get far and when brought back there is a complete understanding between herself and the grown-ups. Illustrated.

DUNSAV THE DRAMATIST by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little Brown & Co., \$2.

The new and revised edition of the only book published on this popular dramatist, now lecturing in the United States. His plays are outlined and discussed, their history given and their place in the scheme of things suggested. A number of new letters of Dunsav's which bear directly on these plays are included in the present edition. Illustrated.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME by Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.35.

Telling in brief with wit and charm the reaction of the French population to the coming of peace after four long bitter years of war and how they received the returned soldiers. The author of the "Hilltop on the Marne" also gives her interpretation of political events and opinions about which but little has been printed in this country. Illustrated from photographs.

POEMS by Edwin Curran. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.

Mr. Curran is known for his contributions to current magazines and for a little pamphlet of verse issued two years ago called "First Poems." They are included in this slender volume with some new ones.



# REEDY'S MIRROR

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ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1919

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## A Court of Industry

By William Marion Reedy

WELL—we have stalled off the miners' strike by means of a Federal court injunction and the judicial order for annulment of the strike call. The mine-workers' union and in fact all the unions submit with a fair grace that makes us wonder where is all that Bolshevism that was going to blow our government and society to smithereens. We are short on coal in the first slight pinch of winter, and are again on rations of the stored sunlight, but we hope the mines will soon be working again under some arrangement between the miners and the operators. It is not likely though that the mine workers and the mine owners will get together without some interposition of governmental agencies. There may be another industrial conference called by the President. If so, it is to be hoped that the gathering will be so composed that there will be some hope of accommodation between extremists on the labor question. Especially we trust there will be no separation of the conference into groups, with group-voting.

Public opinion seems to be agreed that in the case of the steel strike Judge Gary was as much in the wrong, in refusing to arbitrate with the trades unions, as W. Z. Foster was in writing an extreme syndicalist book, fifteen years before the steel strike came off. I should say that public opinion, too, approving the stoppage of the coal strike, would like to know why it is that the war is not over so far as the miners are concerned, while it has been over so far as the operators are concerned, for some months. War restrictions on coal prices were declared off long ago, but war restrictions are still on the miners who are told that their strike violated their wage-and-hours contract for the duration of the war. The duration of the war is fish for the workers and flesh for the owners. Moreover the President himself thought and said that the war was over for the benefit of the brewers and distillers and therefore war prohibition should cease. If the war is over for the booze barons, why not for the miners? A dry congress overrode the President on the war-time prohibition veto, and most of us resent that action. We are somewhat bluffed by the blast of authoritarian denunciation of the miners' strike, but still some few of us at least want to know why the war is over for the miners but not for the operators. Coal costs to the consumer can go up, but not wages for the miners. The miners' wage stands at its war rate but coal has gone up two-and-a-half times the war price. Has any one observed any injunction against the operators? Not so as you can notice it.

The public has learned something also about the miners' demand for a short week. It has learned that it was fooled as to this. The miners demanded a week's work of more rather than less hours. They did not demand not more than 44 hours a week. What they asked was at least that many hours a week. They did this because the way mining is carried on now there is no adequate provision

of coal storage. There are not enough cars to carry away coal as fast as the workers can knock it down. When so much has been "shot" the miners have to stop work until the stuff can be carried away. Loosely translated the miners' short-hour demand amounted to no more than they should be assured of a little more than fifteen full days' work and pay every month.

The big daily papers—mostly owned by millionaires—touched upon neither of these points; with one exception. The *Post-Dispatch*, of this city, made clear both these points in favor of the miners.

Any fair-minded person, considering the double-faced interpretation of the war duration contract, and the truth about the demand as to work hours per week, must be puzzled to find in the miners' demands that Bolshevism which no great daily could leave out of its fulminant editorials on the strike. This, be it said, without at all approving the policy of freezing out the whole population in order to bring the operators to terms. The operators were and are far from having all the justice on their side, and when their apologists aspersed the Americanism of the striking miners, the operators were discovered to have sought just that class of foreign workmen denounced as alien anarchists, even as Judge Gary openly advertised for men from the Balkans to work in the steel mills. The public is being largely bunkoed on this propaganda against Bolshevism. It's "good stuff" to use against strikers with "the Alameda citizen" and all the better because in the next presidential campaign both parties will chiefly thunder against Bolshevism because there's nobody for it.

I don't know how much Bolshevism there may have been discovered in those raids in various cities, large and small, last week. The dispatches give no clear proof of plots to overthrow the government. They are sensational assertions utterly undocumented. There probably was a movement for a demonstration in New York that would demand the recall of our troops from Siberia. That is not Bolshevism, or Socialism or Anarchism. Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, proposed a resolution in the Senate to withdraw our troops from Russia. That was not either treason or sedition in the Senate: how could it be either in Rutger's square, New York? I don't see this movement as Bolshevistic or in any sense disloyal. By what authority are our soldiers making war on Russia? When did the United States Congress declare war on Russia? No other authority exists for a declaration of war in this country. For the matter of that, neither Great Britain, France, Italy or Japan, our associates in the war, has declared war upon Russia. There is no recognized Russia against which war can be declared. We are making war on the Russian people, who according to the last entry on the record of our relations with that nation, were our allies. "I am going to stand by Russia," said President Wilson in New York, and



brought down the house, and Russia was then in revolution. The Russians have set up their own government or governments, as we set up ours, and we are battering down their constructions. It isn't Russian Bolshevism alone that opposes our unauthorized war upon Russia, but all Russian factions except the one most strongly tainted with Czarism. Therefore this timely exposure and exploitation of Bolshevik plots to destroy this government seems too well calculated for psychological effect upon the strike situation. Its object seems to be to get up a little bit of panic for moral effect at this time. Moreover it does not, even granting the worst the sensationalists proclaim, relate Bolshevism to any extent with trades unionism. There has been no violence done either by steel strikers or mine strikers. Clear headed people will consider the strike situation without regard to the raids on the reds, real or alleged. I suspect some government agencies right now of trying to suggest hatred now, as instructors of the students' training corps were told to do, without appearing to do so, against our foreign enemies.

We may think that Union Labor has become "too gay" under high pay, flown with insolence through success in compelling recognition not only from employers but from congress, but we must admit that there is no Bolshevism in it. It takes its bitter medicine from a bogus Industrial Conference. It obeys the Federal injunction. It is not revolutionary. Indeed, to believe its leaders, Union Labor is even more afraid of anything that looks like revolutionism, than is the capitalist. You find this fear in almost every utterance of men like Samuel Gompers and John Fitzpatrick, and the miners' president Lewis says "Anti-Americanism—why look at the number of miners who fought in our forces in the war." Bolshevism is a bogey—a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones," as far as the big strikes are concerned. The unionists are striking against their employers, not against the government, and when the government says they shall not strike they submit in the hope that government will mediate between them and their employers.

But the halting of the miners' strike does not settle the labor question. That persists. The miners may go back to work, and the steel workers too. Further strikes of workers on the railroads may be indefinitely postponed. The workers' grievances remain. To the government the workers look for the setting up of some machinery to redress those grievances through arbitration. The alternative to arbitration is continued industrial war. Judge Gary, representing entrenched and prepared capitalism, and anxious for a fight to a finish, repudiates arbitration other than that with workers in his mills whose jobs he controls, cutting their lines of communication with their fellows. The Federal injunction is not to be tolerated as sustaining such irreconcilability upon the part of employers. Injunction that blocks arbitration is intolerable, for it means judgment without a hearing and punishment without trial. Only as the miners' strike comes under a war-time act, is the injunction reluctantly acceptable as a remedy, so called. There must be a method of reason substituted for the injunction method of force in the settlement of industrial disputes.

The Attorney General says the injunction does not involve the right to strike—a hair-line quibble—but that it is designed to prevent the breaking of a law. But the law in question was not passed for any such purpose as that to which it is applied. President Gom-

pers and Secretary Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, in their statement published last Monday morning, make this plain. They state the truth as we all remember it from the time when the law was pending in congress. The paragraph following here is absolutely incontrovertible:

"Both the restraining order and the injunction, in so far as its prohibitory features are concerned, are predicated upon the Lever act, a law enacted by Congress for the purpose of preventing speculation and profiteering in the food and fuel supplies of the country. There never was in the minds of the Congress in enacting that law or in the mind of the President when he signed it, that the Lever act would be applied to workers in cases of strikes or lockouts. The Food Controller, Mr. Hoover, specifically so stated. Members of the committee having the bill in charge have in writing declared that it was not in the minds of the committee, and the then Attorney General, Mr. Gregory, gave assurance that the government would not apply that law to the workers' efforts to obtain improved working conditions. Every assurance from the highest authority of our government was given that the law would not be so applied."

A law passed for one purpose and applied to another purpose is a law basely misused. This juggling with law is not calculated to breed respect for law in general. It was right enough to stop speculation and profiteering, but that is a different thing from blocking the instrumentalities by which the conditions of labor are improved. And the injunction assumes a violation of law before it occurs and would punish for contempt of court men not found guilty of offense after a trial. The right to strike is abrogated, and this is done when there is no provision of law under which issues in dispute between employers and workers can be settled. The trades unionists are as good lawyers as the attorney general, but he has force to back up his law, and they are prevented from using their right to quit work in order to get their rightful wage and hours.

Is anything being done to provide the much desired method of reason for adjusting industrial disturbances? Nothing definite. The President is supposed to be extemporizing something for the occasion—probably another Industrial Conference. His illness prevented his giving the key word to the former conference that fizzled. That conference was called to consider industrial conditions generally. It refused to consider the steel strike. The next conference must reverse the process: it must proceed from particulars to generalities. It must deal with all strikes in being and all strikes in suspension and all strikes so far only threatened. It must act on these facts and from such action formulate a theory and method of dealing with labor disturbances in general. And it must proceed upon the principle that Labor and Capital will have to submit to adjudication of their differences by legal processes, that they shall no more be permitted to carry on a war within the body politic than Mrs. Casey and Mrs. Schmidt are permitted to disturb the peace of a whole city block by carrying on a private war over some clothes-line quarrel. The conference must make arbitration the first thing upon its program. Then there must be provision for enforcing the verdict of the arbitrament. Here Mr. Samuel Gompers will say that Union Labor will not stand for compulsory arbitration, but that's Garyism in another guise. That society should exercise no compulsion on its members for the preservation of its own peace is the cardinal doctrine of anarchism. It comes with more consistency from Emma Goldman than from Samuel Gompers. The conference cannot uphold that principle. The conference can and should favor collective bargaining, and it should favor that form of

bargaining in which certain representatives of the workers shall be out of the power of the employer—with representatives of the union outside of the shops wherein the trouble breeds. After that what shall we say? Is it to be the admission of the workers to a share in the management of the industries in which they are engaged, with access to the books to determine what shall be the workers' share in profits as those profits may rise or fall with changing conditions? The President of the United States favored that some months ago, as the democratization of industry, but we have heard no more from him on the subject since Glenn Plumb, taking him at his word, formulated his "plan" for such democratization of the country's railroad industry. It was not mentioned by the President's representative, Mr. Franklin K. Lane, in the address with which he opened the conference proceedings. For all the country knows, this democratization of industry may be a fifteenth "point," lost in the shuffle of events that had to be met by action rather than with phrases. The conference however is for the time being an agency extraneous to organized government. It can only recommend the establishment by enactment consistent with the constitution, of some such agency, for dealing with industrial disputes. There are many suggestions of such an agency and one in particular I note is being advocated in the publications of the Newspaper Enterprise Association of Cleveland, serving "more than 335 publications having a circulation of four and one-half million." Such publicity will probably bring the proposal to the attention of congress. The plan is as follows:

"Establish a court of industry.

"Permit every industrial dispute of magnitude to be taken to it for adjustment.

"Have a decision rendered, and, most important of all, make it possible for either party, dissatisfied by the award, to take the case direct to the people for a vote.

"Now to get down to details:

"Suppose the court to consist of seven men, one named by the president of the United States, one each by Senate and House, and four elected by the people, just as the people elect the president.

"The tribunal would consider only cases affecting the whole people. Railroad strikes and disputes would be under the court's jurisdiction. Disputes between coal miners and the operators would be under its jurisdiction. Possibly, too, all disputes in the steel and the meat packing industries would come in the same class. But this would be a matter for the court itself to decide.

"At no stage of the proceedings would there be any attempt to prevent workmen from striking or to prevent employers from closing their plants.

"The only compulsion finally would be the compulsion of concentrated public opinion.

"Now assuming the Court of Industry has been named and the rules of procedure have been formulated. Let's take a concrete case and see how it would work out. Suppose there was a dispute in a great basic industry, the men demanding 50 per cent increase in their wages and the employers offering 10 per cent. They are at a deadlock. They are not compelled to take their case to the Court of Industry, but either side or both may do so if desired. Let us suppose that the men file their complaint before the court. The court, clothed with the power, summons the employers to appear. If they refuse, they would be in the position of defying public opinion. They would array against them the mass of the people of the country who would then side with the workers.

"If the employers took the case to the court and the men, before the hearing, went on strike, they in turn would be in the position of defying public opinion.

"The chances are that neither side would ignore the court, because neither side would want it said that it had such a bad case that it feared a public hearing.



"Once a trial was arranged before the court, the whole plan would be to speed things up so as to avoid the long delay that attends important litigation in our ordinary tribunals. After the court had heard all the witnesses, it would render a decision at once.

"In the case cited, the court might hold that the 50 per cent increase demanded by the men was too much and the 10 per cent offered by the employers was too little. It might decide that a 25 per cent increase would be fair to both sides. If both sides accepted this, the entire dispute would be settled.

"But suppose either side were dissatisfied. Then it would have an appeal to the whole American voting public through a nation-wide referendum.

"The decision made by the referendum would not be compulsory upon either side, but the chances are that no one would ever ignore or defy it.

"Take the coal mine dispute. The opposing sides would know that the public had formally pronounced judgment. Furthermore, such a verdict would strengthen the arms of the government to take such steps as it deemed wise. Congress would feel free to pass such legislation as was needed, because it would know, through the referendum, that it had the mass of the American public in back of it.

"But the biggest benefit would be that it would largely do away with strikes brought on by a handful of operators on the one hand or a small percentage of the American people on the other. It would do away with industrial wars which not only injure the parties to the dispute, but the rest of the 100,000,000 Americans as well.

"The plan is adaptable to sectional, state and city needs."

This let us call the Scripps plan. There's a lot of machinery about it—appointments, confirmations of course, elections and appeals to the referendum. All this would be expensive, but what expense would not be cheap if it would do away with the strike method of deciding disputes between employers and employees? The outstanding defect though is the failure to settle disputes so they will stay settled. I don't understand that arbitration under the law has done away with strikes in New Zealand. Strikers have not accepted decisions when rendered, nor have employers. The appeal to the people probably looks better than it really is. I have much faith in the people, but how would a labor case be argued out before the people. What a storm of passion might be aroused! What play there would be for all the arts of poisoning thinking through propaganda! It is not hard to imagine at least a referendum going against the strikers and those strikers refusing to abide by the result. They might so strenuously refuse to abide by the result that the military would have to be called out, and we should be back to coercion and compulsion again. The government would have to back up the result of the referendum, provided Congress, let us say, wasn't split wide open on the issue and its leaders trying to put either the administration or the opposition in a hole. Suppose that under the new dispensation a Judge Gary would take the stand that he had nothing to arbitrate. With no compulsion in the law, what could be done with or to him? "The chances are that no one would ever ignore the referendum decision or defy it," but there are the chances, and besides some party to a strike could by refusing to submit to arbitration, keep the matter from going to a referendum.

It's easy, too, to speak of speeding up proceedings. What's our glorious constitution for, if not to provide ways of holding up any speeders in such litigation? And there are few men who do not know that in certain issues a majority vote of the people on one side or the other is not binding on the consciences of the losers. Congress might or might not accept such a decision as binding; it might or might not pass legislation to deal with the situation.

Saying this is not to condemn the Scripps plan. All I say is that the Scripps plan is not a sure shot remedy. No mere mechanism ever will be such.

The cure for strikes to be effective must be more radical than the setting up of courts or commissions. It must drive at the root of the trouble, at the thing in our social system that operates steadily, inevitably to make some few men the masters of the jobs and a very great many dependent upon those few. Make things over so that there will be such opportunity for labor as to make the scarcity of workers great enough for them to establish their own pay. Make the earth an open shop which neither the bosses nor the unions can turn into a closed shop. This is the only possible democratization of industry that will work out. The free worker on free land with no penalty upon his productiveness, whether of head or hand, won't have to strike to get his rights. He will be a true partner in productive enterprise and powerful enough to get all that is coming to him of his product. No one should have more. The free play of right, natural economic law would give to everyone the full measure of what he earns by service. No need to worry about the mythical "wage fund." No dollar exists until some one has worked for and produced it. With all men free to work, untaxed by state or landowner for the privilege of working, the wage fund would be provided.

Until such a condition comes into being we may need stop-gaps and improvised expedients for mitigating the savageries of social warfare, and the Scripps plan may do as well as any other I have ever heard of, but in the end the interest that contrives always to be the master of the jobs will "get" the Court of Industry, or whatever it may be called. So long as there are more jobless men than manless jobs we shall have the social economic war and unionists and "scabs" fighting each other for the jobs while the engrossers and forestallers of opportunity press all workers back to the margin of subsistence.

This is the condition the new Industrial Conference, which, it is said, will be called, should carefully consider, and Congress and the states should act upon. The cure is free labor upon a free earth.

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## Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

### Thanksgiving

LET us give thanks! I'm not going to argue with you as to any apparent paucity of things to be thankful for, as against a plenitude of things that move some folks to be quite otherwise. This old world has come triumphantly through worse times than these, and besides, some of us are only suffering now from the reaction of an overstimulated idealism during the war. If we didn't come out of the scrap with all we thought we went in for, it is probable that the near future will show that we have gained more than we now think. If things are not going your way, remember that there are others, and things may be going my way. We are both to be considered, you know, and the best we can get out of human effort is a compromise, and never your absolute good, or mine. Considering the inevitability of conflict of opinion as to what is best for the world, we should be grateful that we are getting along as well as we are, that we are engaged only in a hot debate and not in a riot. No need to get into a panic over the bruited revolution. Nothing is served as hot

as it is cooked and the revolution will probably work out into changes that we shall be ready for by the time they come. We should be thankful that the world's "brain storm" is not going to leave us all permanently "bug-house," and all that's the matter with us now is that none of us is merely taking anybody's word for it that this or that or t'other is the thing that has to be done. In the turmoil caused by the endeavor of this crowd or that to come out on top it is pretty certain that the result will be an arrangement in which all elements will be nearer on a level. The plutocrat will be pulled down and the proletariat lifted up, and we'll all be happier when we get back to our own affairs and increase production instead of worrying over the plight of the universe. We shall survive the strikes, the hamstringing of the treaty, the high cost of living and all the rest of it. And think of all we shall have learned when we come out of our present troubles. Surely we shall apply that knowledge to our betterment. It is good to be alive and to see the new age coming into being. We still have the glory of the earth and the transfiguring influence of love and the comfort of friends and the great boon of that sense of humor that enables us to stand outside ourselves and look at ourselves as we go by. There is much to be thankful for, and chiefly that we are all surrounded by people who at the very worst are not so much worse than we are ourselves, all doing their best to be just as fair and decent and kind as they can be. Let us be thankful!

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### The Two Terrors

SENSATIONALISM is making the most of the discoveries of government agents that there existed a plot for the overthrow of this government. We are told of the capture of something like four hundred of the plotters in various parts of the country. There are to be deportations of some of the conspirators. Samples of revolutionary literature are reprinted, but ninety-nine out of every one hundred Americans think that such appeals are the fantasticality of political insanity.

The newspapers would have us believe that we are in imminent danger of the inauguration of a Red Terror, but the terrorists reveal to us a small number of puny persons who, so far as discovered, have no following worth speaking of. Most of the people arrested have not been considered by the police as important enough to be detained. The overwhelming majority of the people from whom the revolution is expected to come are indignant at any suggestion that they sympathize with violence. The strongest protest against Bolshevism comes from the workers. The organized workers of the country cannot be swung in great numbers for even so moderate a proposal as the Plumb plan for railroad control. The official voice of union labor does not even support the proposition for industrial democracy. The workers of the United States in overwhelming majority do not want to change the government: they want to change public opinion. It is only people who live by the sensational morning or evening paper headline, and some government officials anxious to attain celebrity or notoriety, who can see the Red Terror of Petrograd set up in our great cities. It is chiefly among "intellectuals" that there is talk of the coming Soviet, and American trades unionism distrusts the "intellectuals." It is the "intellectuals" who have been making war on the conservatism, the mental "ossification" of Gompers. Revolution! Piffle! Note the



miners' strike called off on a mere order of court.

The government raids would appear to have gathered in about all the revolutionists there are. But the raiding habit once begun has a tendency to persist and we read daily of this or that swoop upon some little *cenacle* of extremist doctrinaires, and the suppression of papers that do not circulate a great gross of copies per issue. This rage for raiding is become a Terror in itself. It suppresses public assemblages, it denies free speech, it denies the liberty of printing. It has squelched half a hundred little newspapers of extreme views, and while it is doing this, trades unionism in New York City has prevented the publication of the greater radical press—the press that sneers at Gompers and calls for labor's taking advanced ground with the intellectuals. The espionage acts passed as war measures are working overtime. And all this terrorist machinery is working chiefly against people who are at a grievous disadvantage for defense in their being foreigners unacquainted with our language.

The White Terror is as bad as the Red Terror,—worse in fact, because it is more real. The latter is, when all is said, largely imaginary. The former is actual suppression of opinion by force. It is not truly a punishment of revolutionary action. It seems to me that this is distinctly in violation of the American principle of government by discussion and a thing that all persons who believe in freedom of thought should oppose with all their might.

On Monday last the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the conviction, under the espionage act in New York, of four men and a woman who printed pamphlets, criticizing this government's action in sending troops to Russia and urging munition workers to strike. The pamphlets were thrown from roofs in the lower east side section in New York City. Now there is ground for criticizing our sending of troops against Russia because this country has never declared war against Russia. In the midst of war it was unlawful for munition workers to strike, but the printing of the circulars certainly was not so indisputably unlawful as to deter Supreme Justices Holmes and Brandeis from filing an opinion dissenting from the decision sustaining the conviction.

In the dissenting opinion, Justices Holmes and Brandeis said the defendants had as much right to publish the leaflets as the government has to publish the Federal Constitution. The principles of free speech, said Justice Holmes, who wrote the opinion, are the same in war time as in peace, and Congress cannot forbid all attempts to change the mind of the country. The same justices dissented in the case of two members of the Lithuanian Socialist Federation convicted of printing articles in a Pennsylvania paper.

"The principles of free speech are the same in war time as in peace and Congress cannot forbid all attempts to change the mind of the country." That is the doctrine of the Fathers. How can government be responsive to the popular will if it be a crime to try to change the country's mind. The government is not the last perfect word. Anything said in proposal of any governmental action different from what has been may be construed as a crime. The espionage acts can be used to throttle anyone who suggests a governmental innovation, and this is all the easier if public feeling can be played upon by picturing any innovationist as a revolutionary. The organic law is not changed by the mere

fact of the uprising of war passion. The rights of the people are not to be abolished in order to win a war. A righteous war is not bettered by the denial of fundamental rights. The right way with dissenters is not to club them or jail them into submission. The way to correct wrong opinion is by opposing to it the truth. Justices Holmes and Brandeis hold out against the Terror that would justify itself by saying it is necessary to stop another Terror.

If we suppress all dissent we shall turn over the government to those conformists who will capture the government and pervert it to their own purposes under cover of their conformity. The safety of the republic is freedom of speech for dissenters. There is no Terror worse than that which shackles the mind by suppressing opinion. And as a fomentor of revolution there is nothing more effective than the strangling of free speech. The dissenting opinion of Justices Holmes and Brandeis is the truth as to the vital principles of American democracy, even though it may not be the "law."

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### As the League Fight Closes

IN the Senate the end of the long wrangle over the peace treaty draws near. All amendments have been rejected, but it is certain that there will be adopted certain reservations. It is a question whether the reservations to be adopted will be accepted by President Wilson. If not, he can withdraw the treaty and it fails, for it is he and not the Senate, that finally has the power to ratify. Article X is the crucial point. The President says the proposed reservation thereto will "cut the heart out of the treaty." For my part I do not see why a reservation providing that this country shall assume no obligation to use its naval or military forces to preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of all members of the League of Nations, except on express authorization of Congress in every specific case, should destroy the League. It is a fact that only Congress can declare war. There is no getting away from that fact. What harm, then, in stating the fact in a reservation? The reservation simply says that our representative in the Supreme Council of the League shall not commit us to war. Why should he, if under our constitution he cannot do so? The reservation simply puts the power to declare war, back where it belongs, closer to the people. The President cannot see it that way. I do not follow the subtleties of his mind in reaching that position. I do not see how the other nations, party to the pact, could object to such a reservation. Writing on Tuesday, it seems the reservation will be adopted. Suppose it is adopted, would it not be just as well for us to find out whether it will be rejected by the other signatories before we give up hope of the League? Those other nations know we have a constitutional government and cannot act beyond the constitution. So with other reservations. How do we know, until they say so, that other proposed reservations will not be accepted? We have heard nothing from the governments of those nations on the subject. As I read most of the proposed reservations they only say over again what the President says is in the treaty and it seems not unlikely that the other nations will so accept them. This may not be true of all of them. If, as seems probable, the Republicans and some few dissentient Democrats adopt the reservations, it does not seem to be high wisdom for the administra-

tion Democrats to propose to defeat the treaty outright and altogether. I think the treaty should be ratified, unamended, or amended in conformity with the general and specific requirements of our constitution. It should not be defeated. It should be tried out and improved, as need for improvement may be shown in its operation. It is worth trying, as the only thing proposed to make war improbable if not impossible. I do not see that the President is the only person who shall say what the League shall be. It may have been well to fight all reservations in order to prevent amendments or reservations that might have been worse than any proposed, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that some of the reservations the President, in the heat of the fight, declared utterly unacceptable, may in cooler blood be found to be not so unacceptable. The League as the President got it from the Paris conference was not exactly what he wanted, and there is no absolute certainty that he will be unable to accept from his own countrymen somewhat less than his full desire for their acceptance of what he had perforce to accept from the elder statesmen of the Allies. The question of ratification may be decided by the end of this week. I have said all along that the rejection of the treaty by the Republicans would be a sin against the hope of the world. The administration senators should beware of defeating the treaty, and the President himself may cancel much of his good fame if he holds out to a finality for a treaty as he wants it, or no treaty at all. A treaty with reservations may detract something from his personal power and prestige, but he may well consent to a sacrifice of both, in view of the fact that it is a sacrifice to a co-ordinate branch of the government of which he is a part and to an American opinion that may be at least as good as that of the foreign statesmen who won mighty concessions from him at Paris. The world desires a League of Nations, and President Wilson is not the man who should too readily defeat that desire.

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## Pins for Wings

By Emanuel Morgan

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

A BEARDED child by the world-old sea,  
Making a temple  
Of pebbles and a phallus.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Puck  
At an autopsy.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

A typewriter  
Surprising you in the dark.

LOUIS UNTERMYER

David  
Pelting Goliath  
With urbanity.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Tears  
In the heart of a gallant ship.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Carbolic acid  
In love.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Pan  
Stoking an empire.

(To be Continued.)



# "Aux Artistes N'Ont Pas Brille"

By Edward H. Smith

**S**AINTE BEUVE liked to play with the sage fancy of a temple to the unrivaled, the misunderstood, the neglected; a shrine—"aux artistes n'ont pas brille, aux amants qui n'ont pas aimé, à cette élite infinie que ne visiteront jamais l'occasion, le bonheur ou la gloire."\* An academy of the failures.

The Parisian caseur came to my mind one evening not long ago when a crowd of us got together to talk about the plight of the man of genius. A society was projected in behalf of art. The puritan garrotters were to be resisted, a place made in American life for the artist. There was much talk of the thwarted talent—much talk and nothing more, I assure you.

At one of the rare pauses in this unhappy and bootless chatter, a young man bobbed up truculently at my side. "There is no such thing as a neglected genius," he said contentiously. "No good play or novel or short story fails to get production or publication sooner or later. No good painter remains obscure. I repeat, there are no unrecognized geniuses. There are no unappreciated works of art."

This man is editor of one of the most pretentious magazines in the country, a publication which boasts, at least, a superior and intelligent point of view. At the same time he is a critic by profession and one whom many people rank with the leaders in his line. And here was a digest of his opinion.

A few days later I found a man named Kramer in the garret of an old house in that outpost settlement of the New York middle-class, the Bronx. About him poverty and beauty, achievement and neglect. In his bare attic, piled and stored away were paintings representing the work and wonder of his life, and paintings of rare and subtle loveliness they proved to be. In the center of the floor stood the creator, leaning against his empty easel, taken aback at visitors, uncertain what to make of attention—a strange and inscrutable man, aging, ascetic, white-haired, a pathetic fusion of disappointment and faith, a figure from that poignant book whose pages are the lives of disenchanting dreamers.

This man and that pronouncement of a few nights before. The mockery, the absurd brutality.

I should have paid no attention had the circumstances been a little altered. About nothing in the mad world is so much twaddle talked as about genius or art. Brash opinions fall from loose mouths everywhere. This one was quite of the type. One might as well have said that nothing is successful but success, an observation as profound. Had we been on Broadway among the play hawkers, on Fifth avenue among the picture vendors or in the factory of some commercial publisher, a smile of cynical recognition must have dismissed the essay. But here had been another sort of thing. Here were gathered three or four writers of repute, several of the best known American painters, etchers and critics, one or two sculptors, a publisher, a dramatic producer, the editor and a few dilettante professionals—one of those groups of liberal celebrities encountered often enough in New York. Yet even here, among men who had made their struggles, won their advances and swallowed their defeats, was this stale and vicious platitude declared and affirmed. The best that can be said is that the dictum was assailed. Nevertheless, there it was, representative of the great body of American opinion, an affirmation of one of our bitterest delusions.

In every generation the disproof is visibly before our eyes—the Poes dying like pariahs, the Whitmans

regarded as buffoons, the Blakelocks consigned to the madhouse, the Chattertons, Mosens, Verlaines, Monticellis and Cezannes. Every day sees the reputations of men who were despised while they lived taking on purple and lustre to mock them in their wormy shrouds. Constantly the rank and value of men who were deemed splendid by their contemporaries recede and blur into grotesques in the gelid mist of hurrying time. The dwarfs become gigantic and the giants wane into gnomes. The comedy of judgments—the satire of distance.

The works of men who were lauded to fantastic heights, feted, decorated, inflated with the gassy mouthing of the critics, are thrown on the dunghills of the auction rooms, with not even a dealer to do them reverence. Meantime the starveling Blakelock commands prices that would have turned his poor head faster than the defeat and want that undid him. And the despised Monticelli becomes a prophet. And the unhappy Cezanne an apostle. The unrecognized geniuses that do not exist!

In this illustrious and melancholy family, Kramer is at least a minor relation. I do not want to march him with the most elect, lest the pace be too swift for him. No one is more certain than I that he lacks to date the force and flavor of the great painter. Whether he might not have had it with a little recognition and encouragement is another matter. We must take what we find in him. And that is a tender beauty, a masterly delicacy, a mystical lyricism quite beyond and foreign to American painters of any established school. His is a highly refined and personal art, an esthetic expression of a single artist's soul, a revelation of self so rare in our painting that I know of nothing comparable. His work, whatever its ultimate rank, is a definite and striking contribution to American landscape. This is no solitary opinion of mine, but more on that score later. It is part of the story.

Strangely enough I heard first of Kramer in a newspaper office, in that clearing house of all the vulgarity and conformity in the country, and much of the ideality. My informant is himself a painter gone to the seed of journalistic illustrating, one of those tender and obscure lovers of beauty, temporarily or permanently set among the sycophants, character assassins and photograph thieves of the newspaper foundries, like love in a bordello. He had known Kramer for many years and regarded him as "the finest landscape painter in the country. Nobody knows him. Never knew him to sell a picture, but he's a wonder. He's got the goods."

Not long afterward I came upon a small landscape from Kramer's hand on the wall of a friend's living room—a retiring, moody, evanescent thing, almost lost in the poor light. But what definite vagueness, what melancholy optimism, and what exquisite technique. I sent Kramer word through an acquaintance and went to see him. He told me his story and showed me his pictures.

Edward Adam Kramer was born in the lower west end of New York in 1866, the son of a merchant tailor and a simple mother who loved pictures and owned none, who had a taste for beauty, and a life of dutiful wedlock. The boy was dreamy and impractical. His father, who adored Schiller and could reel off whole pages of the German romantics, had discernment enough not to force his introspective son. When the boy developed a passion for drawing he was sent to a master. Later on the family scratched together the money that took him to Berlin, where he found the atmosphere a little too energetic and hard. Munich suited him better, with its *gemütlichkeit* and its mystical experimentalism.

Here he got his fundamentals from old Wilhelm von Diez, that crony of our Chase.

A few years in Munich, and then Paris and the Julian School of the turbulent nineties. First, Jean Paul Laurens and later Benjamin Constant as masters. From the latter Kramer got his first poise and direction. Constant found him trying to draw in the realistic manner then the exclusive passion in the French *ateliers*. He shook his head with dubiety. Then he chanced on some sketching in which the student was following his own instinct. Constant was electrified. He forbade any further realism, pointing out to the young man that his salvation lay in depicting things as he saw them, maugre the fashion and the critics. Not everyone was built a realist. One could paint only what is in him. Not everyone had eyes for haunting ugliness. Paint beauty if one sees only beauty. Truth? Pilate had disposed of that. Here was the fundament of the Kramer credo.

He returned to America in 1895 or 6, done with his student sprouts. He painted and showed his works to dealers and critics. They smiled and turned away. He persisted doggedly. He progressed. Whenever he looked back at an older effort he believed the critics justified. Nothing satisfied him, for he was in that turbulent and morbid stage of experimentation and groping. Whatever it was he sought, the thing eluded him. He must go on. He must find expression for what was dimly in his painter's heart. Like most artists he did not realize that it was largely a matter of technique growth, but dimly he felt it. Every creator has periods of inability to set down what he thinks or feels. He does not find out until later that the thing was imperfectly apprehended, not clearly understood. He seldom lays hold of the truth that in art one is generally incapable of thinking what one is not equipped to depict. The artists ratiocinate through his medium. When he can arrive at full perception and conception of his thought he is also ready to represent it. Rounded understanding comes will full blown artistry. Happy the man who has the will or the faith to stick to his last until he can turn out the perfect shoe. For with the accomplishment comes the revelation.

For many years Kramer struggled along, supported by his father, who had some of the son's determination, if not his metaphysical trust. He tried to sell pictures now and then. He never succeeded. Once or twice he was in despair and tried to turn to something else—to business, to commercial illustrating. It was no go. He was utterly unfit for practical things. His drawings were far too delicate and spiritual for any material use. Disappointment in one field drove him back to the other. He returned to his brush.

Finally the indulgent father descended through the green portals. The artist was thrown on the resources of his brother, who had, thank Heaven, some practical gifts and succeeded to the parental business. But the income was small, the excess for vanities almost negligible. It was a constant struggle to get money for the mere requisites of the painter's art, for colors and canvas. Models were out of the question. The artist had to find them in nature.

Here two fortunate circumstances came to his aid. His home was in the Bronx, then still virginal with trees and unbuild landscapes. For another thing, the elder Kramer had left his heirs a little summer house in the Adirondacks. Here the painter went every May and remained until the approach of winter. He lived and dreamed among the trees, watching the first fires of green trickling up through the valleys, contemplating the last flames of scarlet and ochre dying on the autumnal slopes. He saw the witchery and mystery in the woods. He studied the magical subdued light and color in the forests, through the spectral trunks and the spiritlike dress of the branches. To nature he brought all the religiosity, mysticism and bitter-

\*To the artists who have never shone, to the lovers who have never loved, to that infinite elite whom opportunity, success and glory have never visited.



sweet faith of his makeup. He put his trees and his light on his canvases as he saw them, through a film of spiritual exaltation. At last he was getting what he thought and felt.

Other men may object. Intellectually the whole creed of the artist is open to the most obvious attack. But that has, as we are slowly finding out, nothing to do with beauty and less with painting.

All the while I was teasing his story from the artist he was bringing out his pictures, setting them on the easel and watching me narrowly for the response they might evoke.

One long and increasingly lovely procession of treescapes he showed me, a woodland symphony,

(Continued on page 795)

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## A Polyglot of Pyrrhonism

By Philip Goodman

**I**MMORTALITY: The stump that is relighted the following morning.

**SYMBOL:** An idea with its costume and make-up on.

**LOGIC:** A character actor in the farce, "Metaphysics," who portrays White, Black, Truth and Error with equal facility.

**EDUCATION:** A course in the literature of Wall Mottoes. (2) That which enables one to know the price of anything and the value of nothing. (3) Ignorance in a frock coat.

**CHURCH:** An institution that Credulity releases from taxation but which, in turn, taxes Credulity.

**INTELLECT:** A stellar body from which the world receives light but not heat.

**HISTORY:** The program of Eternal Vaudeville.

**ETERNITY:** When the Encyclopedia Britannica finally becomes your property.

**SOCIALISM:** Bread for all; French pastry for none.

**DIRECTORY:** The Blue Book of Demos.

**METHOD:** In Philosophy, the assumption that because the letters e-r-r-o-r are sequential the word spells truth.

**DIARY:** An assiduous private record intended only for the eyes of the world. (2) A book written in the first person, very singular.

**INK:** The blood of an Idea.

**CAKE:** Bread, when baked by the author of "Pollyana."

**PASSION:** A phychic guest dressed as a fireman.

**VISION:** A vista which only can be seen with the eyes closed.

**VICTORIAN:** A reactionary period in English literature in which were born England's heresies.

**KEYHOLE:** George Moore's observation of life.

**RITE:** Gymnastics in a Gothic building.

**EDEN:** The follies of 1918 B. C.

**MYSTICISM:** A cosmic card-trick. (2) Robert Browning's lisp. (3) The apparent held too close to the eye.

**STATISTICS:** The toys of Ananias. (2) The building blocks of Munchausen.

**PAGAN:** One who is sufficiently in advance of our times to accept a religion that is three thousand years old.

**FLUSH:** A scientific term meaning homogeneity.

**PANTOMIME:** The language most grammatically used by the American Business Man. (2) The Sanskrit of ether.

**MELODY:** The sound of the swish of a Muse's skirt.

**IMAGINATION:** Common Sense after the fourth drink.

**SPEECH:** The bawdy sister of Silence.

**TEMPTATION:** The skirts of Life lifted above the ankles.

**FIDELITY:** A quality found in dogs.

# Grandmother's Ghost

## A Thanksgiving Fantasy

By Harry B. Kennon

**L**IKE many another Wall Street Lochinvar who has seized Fortune and ridden away with her, Tom Griffith,—Thomas B. to numerous investors—had come out of the West; from a northwestern hill farm, to be explicit. And like every other man whose parent root is of the soil, Tom Griffith had country yearnings, never so painful as when frost is on the pumpkin and corn in the shock. Indulgence of his longings had, somehow or other, been out of the question; November was Griffith's busy time. "But this year—," Tom glanced over his eggs, toast and bacon at the mail beside his wife's plate. He scarcely expected Penelope down to breakfast.

"If you please, sir—"

"What is it Tomlins?"

The man serving apparently pulled his stumbling reply from the chin he fingered. "Please, sir, I'm leaving on the twentieth."

A business principle that forbade his questioning the resignation of subordinates prompted Griffith into saying: "Got a better job, Tomlins?"

"Marryin' cook, sir; the twentieth. We've bunched our savings in a cafeteria, sir. There's quite a few more mealers these days, sir."

"Well, I wish you and cook luck, Tomlins."

"Thank you, sir. On the twentieth, sir."

Griffith arose and picked up his wife's letters, noticing, with a grin, one particular post-mark, as he carried them upstairs. He rapped gently on Penelope's door. A very pretty, teary-eyed maid opened it. "Mrs. Griffith awake, Marie?" he inquired.

"She's having her coffee in bed, sir."

"So. . . Anything wrong, Marie?"

"No, sir—only I'm leaving, and Mrs. Griffith—"

"Got a better job, Marie?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure?"

"I'm saying so, sir."

"Wish you luck, Marie."

"Thank you, sir," said the girl, passing out and down the hall.

"Wonder if her better job's getting married, too," thought Griffith, as he entered his wife's room with a cheery: "Well, how are we this morning, Pen? It's fine and frosty, Tomlins tells me. By the way, he says he's leaving on the twentieth."

"Tomlins!" Penelope Griffith's coffee spoon dropped on the breakfast tray with a clatter. "Tomlins leaving us!"

"Says cook will be waiting for him on the twentieth at a cafeteria. . . . Going to set up for themselves, feeding mealers."

"Cook!"

"Why the world's not coming to an end, Pen."

"Much you know about it. Marie just been giving me notice, too. Such ingratitude!"

"Base, Pen. . . She says she's got a better job?"

"She says she's been taking stenography. . . . Imagine! What are we coming to when persons of that sort—"

"Maybe the Lord's way of helping, Pen. Have a good time last night?"

"You know the stiff Furnival dinners—"

"So well I ducked that one, dear. But the opera wasn't so slow, was it?"

"Not if you call 'Lucia,' substituted with a second-rate cast, entertaining. The flute was so flat and the singer so sharp that we left in the middle of the lunatic aria for Molly Parson's ball. . . . rather the same insipid affair as last year. . . not a new feature."

"Too bad of Molly." Griffith smiled down on his handsome city-born, city-nurtured wife. "You need change," he said, "how about running down to the country?"

"With everything going full swing in town! Thanks, Tom, I'm not that bored." Penelope reached out her hand, "Nice of you to bring up my mail."

Griffith handed the mail, the particular letter he had grinned over on top, and waited developments. They came on the wings of Penelope's favorite exclamation: "Grandmother's ghost! Why are these Perkins people accepting our invitation for Thanksgiving in the country?"

"Old friends we've neglected, Pen. You used to be rather fond of Daisy Perkins—or, was it Bob? Naturally, they write you accepting my bid. Ask your friends, too. We're keeping open house down at Pine Crest this Thanksgiving."

"We?"

"Certainly."

"Hear the man! With no help!"

"That's your affair, my dear."

"My affair?"

"Isn't it, Pen? I don't know when I've wanted the country as I want it this year, the real feel of the country that comes just now. I need it, I haven't pressed this thing other years, but—"

"Are you crazy, Tom Griffith! Tomlins leaving, cook, Marie. . . . It can't be done."

"Your reply astonishes me," said Griffith. "I have never doubted your capacity for pulling things off, never. Watching you working for the vote, and getting it; watching you running the war; and now watching you doing society to keep in trim for something else strenuous, makes me doubt the sincerity of your confession."

"Facts are not confession, Tom. This is different."

"Isn't something different what you want, dear? You complained of no variety in Molly's ball, the Furnival's diner, the opera. . . . I suggest something quite different. Why not give it a try? It's your job, too, rather. You wanted this town house,—you have it; a place in the country—you, yourself, selected Pine Crest. Haven't I broke even, providing these homes and wherewithal for upkeep? Isn't it up to you to run them?"

"Without servants! We would better be planning to close both houses and go to a family hotel for comfort."

"That's life's zero for a woman, Pen. It strikes me devilish odd that one with such a satisfactory solution of our great international problem should be downed by a simple domestic situation."

"Simple! Why do you lug in the League?"

"Everybody's doing it, dear. Consider—only a Thanksgiving spread."

"For how many, please?" Penelope did not veil her amusement.

"The more the merrier—always room for another. Ask as many as you like—and their children. We must have children, Pen. The tots can sit at side tables. We seem never to have been able to have children sitting at our table." Griffith took a paper from his breast pocket. . . . "I've built up the menu to spare you trouble."

"Grandmother's ghost! What comes first? Oil stocks or steel?"

"Turkey first". . . . Tom flourished his menu. . . . "Turkey with crisp little sausages all round, pig sausage with sage so you know it; crisp celery, too, and cranberry sauce not sickly sweet; roast shoat with a baked apple in his beak, hatching out more of the same, for a side dish; ducks with currant jelly for the other; ham soured with sherry, baked in biscuit crumbs, with cloves to camouflage it prohibition, at your end; bread, of course; candied sweet potatoes, mashed Irish, buttered brown parsnips; brandied peaches; pumpkin pie smelling of spice of the Indies, tasting of heaven; mince deep enough to



hold its kick; Indian pudding, and syllabub pale from a spree, in long, high glasses—"

"And no fish or salad," interrupted ironical Penelope

"Oysters in the turkey, madam, and shredded cabbage with cream dressing. Then there'll be grapes, pears, apples, nuts—"

"Coffee?"

"Sure! Coffee before, during or after; whenever they want it. Likewise cider and cherry bounce. . . . How does it sound?"

"Like preparation for a hospital. . . . But you're not serious, Tom?"

"Quite serious. Is it a go?"

"Well," sighed Penelope, "maybe I can bribe a chef from somewhere to come down and cook it."

"Chef! I'm fed up with chef chuck till it all tastes alike. I'm talking about food, woman—home cooked food."

"Indeed! Suppose we get all this menu together, who is going to serve it?"

"Dead easy. . . . everything on the table as wanted and folks helping themselves and one another; no dummies standing around to take the con out of conversation; I haven't forgotten how to carve; you can slice a ham, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, I can make sandwiches. I'll have to slice my ham thin for your crowd, at the price of things."

"Shall we count the cost, giving thanks with our friends, Penelope? Why, your sable stole—"

But Penelope was not discussing sable stoles just then,—not ever. "There's one rather important item you seem to have overlooked," she said:

"Let's have it; we're doing this thing proper."

"There's so much going on it will be next to impossible to engage entertainers to make your party go. Have you thought of that, Tom?"

"Have Americans grown so slug-witted that they can't make good times for themselves? We'll have no hired professionals, Pen,—not on your life."

"You'll have one awful mess, Tom Griffith. Give it up."

"Too late if I wanted to; I don't."

"And you expect me to go through with this?"

"Rather."

"One would think you were in your office giving orders."

"Things get themselves done at the office, Penelope; we concentrate, I'm off there now." Griffith leaned over to kiss his wife, dropping his menu on the coverlid. "Concentrate," he repeated, "think it out."

"O, man!" Penelope apostrophized the entire inconsiderate sex in the person of her husband motor-ing to his office. She took up his ridiculous menu from the coverlid, scanned it, laughed, frowned and fell back among her pillows, exclaiming perplexedly: "Grandmother's ghost!" . . .

"It can all be managed very well, very well indeed."

Penelope turned surprised eyes towards the hearth from which the cheerful voice proceeded. "Who are you?" she demanded of the comfortably plump woman sitting there. "When did you come in? Are you some person engaged by my husband to consult with me about this outlandish dinner?"

"I've been waiting at the Crest for more years than I care to count for just such a day as we are going to have."

"Years! You don't look old."

"Haven't taken time to worry about getting old, I suppose."

"How is it I never met you when down at Pine Crest?"

"You haven't been there very much—only for occasional week-ends. I don't know anything about week-ends that spoil Sunday. You brought so much help I kept out of the way. I wasn't needed then, you see."

"And you think you are now?"

"Can you manage this dinner yourself?"

"Never in this world."

"Don't tell me that conveniences have killed your natural do, I'll not believe it. But don't worry about this dinner. Just bring your friends down to the Crest. I'll manage it, somehow."

"I believe you can. . . . you look so—so wholesome."

"Why, that's what we're all trying to be, isn't it?"

"Well," laughed Penelope, "it's Tom's old dinner, after all."

"Feed 'em up, my dear, feed 'em—it pays."

"You are part of Tom's joke then." Penelope saw a great light.

"Quite a joke, his making you think you could do it," was the reply.

"He seemed to think I ought to do it," resented Penelope.

The plump woman smiled, "That's the point of his joke, as I see it," she said.

"I detest jokes," retorted Penelope, "but we'll carry this out. I am going to take you at your word—not going to stir in the matter at all."

"But you'll come down to the Crest for Thanksgiving?"

"Oh, I'll come," said Penelope, "I'll come—just to see what a mess you and Tom make of it. Don't be offended."

"I'm not," was the placid response, "but I'm going. Good morning. . . ."

Pine Crest, an abandoned farm, improved in house and land by Griffith's money beyond any wild dream of the owner forsaking it, and now about as richly remunerative to Griffith as then to its deserter, showed hospitably enough beneath scudding gray clouds that parted for the passage of intermittent shafts of chill, brilliant sunshine; now and again flurries of snow powdered into marvelous patterns ice thinly forming on the shores of a still pond skirting the lane; an edged wind whistled that made Penelope loath to leave her warm limousine. "It is Tom's party, you understand," she again impressed upon Molly Parsons, the only friend she had cared to invite as a witness to Tom's "mess," the good Lord only knows what there'll be to eat, but, if starvation faces, I've a hamper in the car."

"Looks as if we were among the last arrivals," observed Molly, noting the array of machines and buggies in the stable yard. "Isn't that the Furnival's car?"

"No," answered Penelope, "it can't be. No knowing what impossible people Tom Griffith has let us in for. But I warned you, Molly," she repeated, as the door of Pine Crest opened. Her nose wrinkled at the odor of food cooking, the welcome to any house for which she had extreme distaste as being vulgar."

"Turkey!" exclaimed Molly Parsons, "delicious!"

"Dinner will be all ready by the time you get your things off upstairs. I'd almost given you out." Penelope found herself gazing into the eyes of the plump woman; thinking, what pleasant eyes. "Front room, you know. I'd go up with you, only—." The plump woman moved swiftly away.

"Wherever did you find her, Pen?" asked Molly. "Lucky you, to have a lady for a housekeeper. She reminds me of—now, who is it she recalls."

"Lady," pondered Penelope, then said: "Funny, isn't it, Molly? that I should have that same feeling, had it the moment I saw her. What a noise they're making. . . . As well go down and see it through."

Tom waited for his wife and her guest at the foot of the stairs, and, before they knew it; they were being presented to people they had never met, to some, as the Perkins', met but seldom, and, to Penelope's astonishment, exchanging greetings with members of her own set. Relinquishing Mrs. Furnival's cool hand she turned inquiring eyes to Tom.

"Uh-huh," he said, "they're all here because they're here—and their children. See the children, Pen. Look at their expectant little noses. . . . Ah, Perkins! Bob is taking you out to dinner, dear."

"Some of you boys will have to bring in your own chairs." Laughter rippled the voice of the plump

woman. Tom seized a chair with one hand and little Bobby Perkins with the other. "Grab your reservations, boys," he commanded. "Hike! you kids, hike for the bleachers! . . . All set?"

"All ready," called the plump woman from the open dining room door.

Penelope, looking over the monster fragrant ham that Bob Perkins engaged to manipulate, saw her husband standing Bobby, Jr., up in his chair at the head of the table, heard him say over the turkey: "Now, Bobby boy, bless this bird"; saw Bobby clasp his small hands, heard his breathless childish treble: "Lord make us fit for what we git and thankful when we git it, so's when the better job shows up we're proper trimmed to fit it. Amen."

Penelope's eyes dropped before the sight of the boy snuggling up to Tom, responsive to his hug for remembering.

But Penelope was soon engaged with business of the laughing, chatting moment. Everything was ready from sausage trimmed turkey to syllabub with a cherry on top and cheer all through; everything on the table, when wanted, as Tom said it should be; everybody helping himself and everybody else—formal Mrs. Furnival demanding pope's nose second helping was a revelation. With growing amazement Penelope noted that the only other service rendered was that of the plump woman. She seemed, somehow, to belong to everybody, everybody to her: distinctly to belong! Everybody had something to say to her and plenty to say to everybody else. The children— Penelope looked over at the children's table. The plump woman was serving them, saying something that sent them off into gales of laughter between mouthfuls.

Dinner over, Tom and the older men left for an open-air smoke and a walk over the farm. Penelope slipped up to her room for a still moment to think it out. Molly Parsons came racing up the stairs. "Do come down, Pen; do come down," she cried. "We're having a lovely time. Such games and dances! That's Daisy Perkins at the piano. And such good talk! Honest, Pen, I haven't heard the servant question mentioned once, not once—and nobody has talked about her operation at the hospital. It's too lovely!"

"Who seems to be running it?" asked Penelope.

"It's running itself. That's the wonderful part of it."

It did run itself, running even brisker after the men came in with Tom from inspecting the farm; ran joyously until folks were bundling up the children, getting into their wraps and getting gayly away.

"Would you mind riding home with the Furnivals, Molly?" asked Penelope. "I," she looked swiftly at Griffith, and away, "I think that Tom and I will stay on at the Crest."

Molly Parsons threw a queer glance at her friend, which Tom shared radiantly, then she gave a queerer little laugh. "Of course, I don't mind," she said. "Oh, you darling!" . . . She picked up a chubby child and kissed it. . . . "We've had a perfectly lovely time," she exclaimed, "lovely!" . . .

"Some party, eh Pen?" said Griffith, directly the last guest had gone.

"No thanks to you, Tom Griffith," retorted Penelope. "Thanks are due that dear woman in the kitchen. No rest for me without giving them. Are you coming?"

"Coming? Sure!"

Penelope pushed open the kitchen door and walked into silence accentuated by the clock's ticking only. "Where are you?" she called, glancing about, "why, grandmother's ghost! Did anybody ever see so many dishes to wash."

"You will have to do the dishes, children," came in patiently tired tones from over by the window. "I'm dead beat."

Then Penelope saw the wholesome, comfortably plump woman sitting there in the shadow, her capable hand relaxed in her lap, a never-to-be-for-



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gotten smile in her eyes . . . saw her fading, fading away. . . saw nothing but white chrysanthemums nodding in a draft from the kitchen window. Clutching her husband's protecting arm in awe she whispered: "Grandmother's ghost, Tom, grandmother's ghost."

"Just that, dear girl," assented Griffith, "just that" . . .

"And then," observed Sandweaver, concluding his tale, "then these old mar-

ried folks did what lovers all do in the last film of a movie, I believe they call it a close-up."

"Quite so," agreed a fair listener, "but—"

"But?" Sandweaver gave her whimsical regard.

"What I want to know is: 'Did Penelope do all those dishes?'"

"Dear lady," returned Sandweaver, "mine is a ghost story with no moral whatever. Have ghosts any need for morals?"

## A Soldier's Night With Kipling

By **Louis Graves**

IT was Saturday afternoon, a fortnight or more after we had reached our billets in the tiny village in the Yonne and settled down for the first month's training overseas. A dozen soldiers were sprawled out on the meagre patch of grass in front of the one-story stone structure that served as company headquarters, whiling away the time with aimless talk. They could have got passes to visit a nearby city with its moving pictures and *cafés* and diverting shop windows—if there had been any such nearby city. But we were far out in a farming country, where there were no trolley cars and where the "jitneys" that had taken the men to and from the camp at home were unknown. The lack of the accustomed week-end recreation was not so disastrous to their spirits as it might have been, however; the training had been speeded up at this critical period in 1918, and they were well content with mere rest after five and a half days of wearisome drill and maneuver. The sun beat down, but it did not seem hot to them; for these particular soldiers hailed from hot States, and today they basked agreeably like so many lizards.

From inside the orderly room, where I was working with a multitude of documents that seemed to grow rather than diminish the nearer we got to the front, I could hear them lazily exchanging their homely reminiscences and aspirations. I remember that the interest of one of them seemed to center in a certain mule that he had not quite decided whether or not he would sell after he reached home. Now and then there would be a strangely child-like and wondering observation about the war; even now, there in Europe, it appeared remote, hazy; something that must be going on because they had been told so, yet something that their imagination failed to grasp. Their conversational resources were not rich, and in a little while somebody started one of those idle speculations, of the what-would-you-do-if-you-had-a-million-dollars sort, upon which occasionally people embark out of sheer emptiness, as the only alternative to going straight off to sleep.

"S'pose you could have the choice of seein' whoever you wanted come right down the road there," one of the soldiers said, "and you could go out and shake hands with him and have him talk to you—I don't mean your folks, or anybody you know, but some big man—who'd you take?"

One vote went to Foch and another to Joffre, but the weight of preference seemed to be divided between President Wilson and Pershing—the latter losing favor somewhat when his champions were reminded that he might make the interview awkward by betraying disappointment at one's incompletely polished shoes or faulty method of saluting. Then I recognized the more subdued voice of First Class Private Fleming, who sometimes served as assistant company clerk.

"Rudyard Kipling," he said.

I don't believe more than two or three in the group had ever heard of Kipling before. Our division had been made up mostly of youths fresh from the plow and the pasture, desperately poor, veritable backwoodsmen. A considerable number were quite illiterate, unable even to read or write. Many a time, by myself signing in the proper space on the payroll, I had to give official standing to a cross-mark offered as a "signature," and even the cross-mark was made with a fearful and trembling pen.

"Never heard tell of him—who is he?" several of the men asked at once.

Fleming sought to explain, to justify his choice, but could make little impression. Whereupon he bade them wait a minute, and went off to his billet. A few minutes later I heard him reading aloud to them from "Barrack-room Ballads," and receiving loud applause at the end of each selection. It is doubtful if "brittle intellectuals," to borrow Kipling's own phrase, would have accepted the delight of these simple souls as a valuable commentary upon the verses' style and content, but it is certain that the author himself, had he been there, would have got from it a satisfaction that no learned review could ever give him.

The division went to the front, the armistice was signed, and there followed the months of waiting to go home. The incident of Fleming and his ambition and his book passed from my mind, and did not come back to me until nearly a year later, this last summer, when chance brought me to see Kipling surrounded by American soldiers and chatting gaily with them just as he would have done had he come down the sunbaked road on that August afternoon in the Yonne.

Any evening at about the time peace was signed, one saw in London not only American officers and soldiers on duty or on leave there, but



also many who had been sent from their units to be temporary students at Oxford, Cambridge, or institutions in the city itself. (Such attendance was part of the educational program of the Expeditionary Forces in the armistice period.) At her home in St. James' Square an American woman now dwelling in England, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, gave a party to which all Americans in uniform were invited to meet some of the notables of Great Britain. Besides others whose names were not so well known to us, there were Lord Reading, former ambassador at Washington, and Rudyard Kipling; and among the Americans was General Pershing.

The peer and the general did not lack attention. They made little informal talks, and afterward mingled with the throng of guests, and were discreetly gaped at by us obscure folk who did not frequently come into such familiar contact with the great of the earth. But, in all truth, it will have to be set down that both together they played second fiddle. The lion of the evening was Kipling. Only, he refused to be a lion. Evidently, he had laid down the law to the hostess upon how he was to be treated, for he did not make a speech even of the most free-and-easy kind. But he talked, and was talked to, with a naturalness and wholehearted cordiality that left the soldiers vowing—and who will deny that this is a conquest many a successful author would seek in vain?—that the man lived up to his books.

During my two years of military life, the breadth and strength of Kipling's appeal had impressed itself upon me anew. It was only officers and men who read no books at all who had not read Kipling—for there are officers, too, who fall in that class, even if some cloistered persons may be slow to believe it. And these at the reception in St. James' Square were far above the average in education. *Mulvaney* and *Mowgli* and *Kim* and *Mrs. Hawksbee* were old friends to them, and it is not to be wondered at that it was almost like making a trip to fairyland to find themselves face-to-face with the man whose magic had created these friends.

In the language of the daily press, Kipling refused to be interviewed. That is, he refused to allow himself to be placed on the pedestal of a celebrity, or hero. Instead of being questioned, he got the start and began to ask questions himself—an advantage he did not lose throughout the evening. A corporal from the Middle West was kept busy ten minutes telling him about some odd local custom, and there was nothing feigned in his attention; he was just as eager in listening as the corporal was in talking. Had it been somebody of whom you had never heard before, you would not have noticed anything out of the ordinary about him—simply a middle-aged man of small stature, with thin hair and a big mustache; but, knowing who it was, of course you looked more closely, and you found in his eyes the glimmer of that eternal curiosity, that untiring interest in life, which lies at the bottom of his genius.

At this party military rank did not exist; in the same group, whether at-

tention was centered for the moment upon some one of the famous men present or upon ice cream and cake, a colonel and a private would be seated on two adjacent chairs in peace and good-fellowship. If Kipling showed any preference at all, it was not for the wearers of Sam-Browne belts. As he looked around, you could imagine him saying to himself: "These officers here are too old and prim and wise-looking for me. I want to get in among the young ones."

If one of those awesome persons who make a sort of cult of despising the commonplaces of every day had happened in here, and had listened to, without recognizing, the smallish man encircled by soldiers, he would have sniffed with superior scorn; I fear that he might even have gone away declaring—oh, most terrible of all maledictions!—that this man was a "bromide." So, there is naught but disappointment for those who hope to see here recorded, as having dropped from Kipling's lips, brilliant epigrams, or witticisms, or rare bits of philosophy. He was a boy among boys, in high good humor, exchanging friendly chaff, "swapping stories," now and then laughing with the ring that one hears only in the laughter of a man who never grows old. The only hint he gave of having a mission different from anybody's else was that now and then he would get up suddenly, as if remembering an obligation not to spend all his time with one group, and move off to some other corner of the house. I suppose he had received instructions about that; maybe it was part of a bargain that had relieved him of making a speech.

"What strikes you as strangest about England?" he asked a dozen soldiers who crowded around him. Each one waiting for the other to answer, he nodded at a tall, rangy youth on his left: "You first."

"Well, I hadn't picked out any special thing," the soldier began in a leisurely drawl, a little embarrassed at being thrust so unexpectedly upon the center of the stage, "but I reckon—"

"You don't come from New England, anyway, do you?" broke in Kipling, chuckling with boyish satisfaction at being able to show them this scrap of knowledge of America. "Excuse me—I interrupted you; go ahead." And the soldier continued:

"I reckon the way people talk seems the queerest thing of all to me." Having lost his diffidence now, he added in a slightly aggrieved tone: "I can't understand 'em much better than I did the French."

"It sounded queer to me, too, when I came here from India years ago, after going through other English-speaking countries. You know, there is just as much difference between England and the Colonies, in the way people talk, as there is between America and England."

"I don't get that, sir; it seems to me of these Australian officers I have been with around London talk just like Englishmen," said a lieutenant.

"My boy," said Kipling, putting his hand on the young officer's shoulder, "you need to go to an ear specialist right away. Why, we can spot an Australian at the first word, every time.

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How about you other men?" His glance swept around the half-circle. "Does it all sound alike to you?" They replied in chorus that the difference was plain enough, and the lieutenant began to think that perhaps he had better consider seriously the advice about the specialist.

The talk lingered a little while upon the manner of speech of different lands, and different regions in the same land. The Americans mentioned peculiarities of accent and usage in certain States at home. Something of what they told him was plainly quite new to Kipling, for his questions grew in animation. "How does that go—pronounce that again, will you?" he would ask; or, "I never heard of that before. Are you sure you're right on that? It recalls—" And then he would recount some observation of his own about dialects or unusual turns of speech. In the course of one of these he stopped abruptly:

"But we've forgotten what we started on, the things that were strangest to you in England." He addressed a soldier who had not yet spoken. "Your turn now."

They had received their different impressions. The trimness of the countryside had struck one with special force, the uniform height of London buildings another, and the countless omnibuses another.

"Now that's odd," he said when they had all answered his question; "none of you has mentioned what Americans usually notice first of all: the smallness of the railway carriages—cars, I mean."

"Sir, that is because we have been a year in France," said a private; "your cars don't look so small after the French cars."

"Right!" said Kipling. "I was stupid not to think of that. I believe it's about time for the ice cream, isn't it?"

They were discussing sport later in the evening, when he was in the center of another circle. As usual, when this subject is approached by Englishmen and Americans together, the soldiers let fall remarks expressing lack of enthusiasm for cricket. Kipling had evidently heard the same thing often before.

"Yes, it is slow," he confessed, "but I want to tell you something about my first experience with your game. When I was in America one of my friends took me to a baseball game; and, I give you my word, I thought it was the dull-est sight I ever saw—at first. Nothing seemed to happen. But about the fourth or fifth inning I found myself on my feet, waving my hat and shouting like everybody around me. When I left the grounds I had decided baseball was a fine sport."

It was in just such easy and unpretentious conversation that American soldiers, perhaps a hundred and fifty or two hundred of them, knew Rudyard Kipling that night in London. At home they had known him as a great author, a wizard who, while they sat snug in their chairs, had been able to take them on thrilling journeys through the Himalayas and the lowland jungles, to Simla and Mandalay. Now they saw him as a man like themselves, friendly, interested, jolly, above all simple and sincere. It was a sort of "war experience" none of them had looked forward to

when they had left America behind in those anxious days of 1918, and in many a modest American home it will be a treasured memory.

It was nearing eleven o'clock when I caught sight of a soldier whose figure seemed vaguely familiar to me, hovering on the fringe of a Kipling circle and craning forward eagerly as if fearful of missing something. His back was toward me, but I edged around to get a side view and recognized Fleming. Somehow I had failed to run across him earlier in the evening, or perhaps he had come in late. All at once the talk I had heard through the orderly-room window a year before came back to me. The boy had a rapt look on his face, and it would have been cruel to rob him of any of these precious minutes, so I waited to greet him until the party was about to break up.

"You've had your wish," I said.

He looked puzzled, and I told him of my eavesdropping that day in the Yonne. When I had known him, before I left the division at Christmas, our intercourse had been regulated by strict military forms—standing at attention, saluting, and all that tiresome performance so many of us are happy to be rid of—but tonight there was no such brake upon conversation. Almost his first word disclosed that he had undergone some sort of polishing process since our separation, and it turned out that he had been to the Riviera on a furlough, had then gone to the A. E. F. University at Beaune, and was now on temporary duty in London. I found him at a moment when he was all aglow, in the exuberant, extravagant mood of one who has come suddenly into possession of an unexpected prize. When I asked him how he had enjoyed the reception, he said:

"I live out in Missouri, Cap'n, on the edge of a little town, and if it hadn't been for this war I s'pose I'd never 've got outside the State. I didn't get much education—had to work pretty hard—but there was a library in town, and the man who ran it started me on Kipling. After that I read all his books I could get hold of, and read 'em over and over. Everybody's got to have one hero, at least, they say, and Kipling was mine. The chance that I'd ever see him—well, it was about as likely as that I'd meet George Washington or Lafayette or Napoleon. I've wondered a thousand times what sort of man he was; it didn't seem possible he could be like other folks. Now I've seen him, and he's as homey as my own people. But—there's something about him, I don't know—" Fleming puckered his brow, and shook his head in despair of finding the words to match his thought—"I can't just exactly tell what I mean, but it seems to me, Cap'n, with all his everyday talk and joking, you feel there's something—something sort o' great about him."

The soldier paused, with an air of apology for having expressed himself so badly; but I thought he had done well enough.

"Anyway," he ended with a burst of youthful enthusiasm, "this war has been worth while; I have seen and talked to Rudyard Kipling, and I can die happy!"



# George Eliot

[Born November 22, 1819.]

THERE is a peculiar irony in the fate that has befallen George Eliot's reputation. One of the greatest Englishwomen of her time and living in a period given to idealization of its chief figures, she still awaits a worthy biographer. Even the second-rate books on her are few, while Brontë literature already fills many shelves and the Brontë tradition shows no sign of flagging. The personality behind George Eliot's books, behind the *Lewes ménage* and the Cross marriage, has not possessed sufficient attraction to call for inquiry even in a literary world that is still excited over the internal temperature of the Pension Héger. Gossip leaves her alone in death as it did in life. The woman who was hurt because no one expressed any sense of scandal at the idea of her roaming the continent with Herbert Spencer still remains the woman who fails to intrigue the fancy, even the rather hectic fancy of literary people. Hawthorne is a place of pilgrimage, but no one inquires for the Priory, Regent's Park, where the Lewes household sent up its smoke.

Yet there is nothing in the Victorian age which is more marked than its power of creating the personal legends in which we possess a reversionary interest. It was a great window-dressing period even if the goods in the stock-rooms were seldom up to sample. What

can be more beautiful than the Arnold tradition, the Gordon legend, the Brontë drama, the Nightingale fancy? What more splendid than the solar myth of the Grand Old Man? In many respects George Eliot's character was the finest produced by this tradition-making time, her faith the truest expression of the Victorian Time Spirit; yet she remains without a legend. There is in the popular fancy no picture of her personality such as we possess of the Inspired Governor, the Christian Schoolmaster, the Lamp Bearing Lady, the Biblical Soldier, and the other melodramatic incarnations of the virtues. In her life there was no personal magnetism; in her death there is no dramatic value such as attended the simplest deeds of the Brontë sisters. Even when George Eliot did what would have been intensely thrilling in anyone else she produced, not a sense of excitement, but a flash of disgust. When she rebelled at Victorian divorce ethics, it was as if a statue had confessed to a feeling of hunger; in itself surely a dramatic position. But because it was George Eliot who felt this hunger and not the incomparable Jane or the fiery spirit from the Yorkshire parsonage it simply registered a black mark against her name which has persisted to this day. And so the most dramatic moment of her personal life is the pathetic forgiveness extended to her by her brother Isaac, when she became once more a respectable woman and could legally be called Mrs. Cross. That brother at her graveside forgiving the frailty of this glory of his family is—for the ironic gods—a fine spectacle which Victorian propriety naturally missed.

But our generation, too, has missed it. George Eliot is one of those who "rest in unvisited graves"; about her there is little or no stir of memory such as still centres round happier women who have been long dead.

There is a story going the rounds today which describes how certain "red-tabs," great military lights, have been weak-minded enough to get themselves into mufti simply to escape the mockery of the London street urchins whose sense of humor at the spectacle of human pomp is greater than their spirit of reverence. The story is probably a fable, but it is a capital allegory of the *gamin* attitude of our cynical age towards the pomp and majesty of the time of Albert the Good. We deride that period as we deride no other; it is to us an epoch of mahogany and pretension. It seems to us an age when people simply could not be good without hypocrisy, or active without airs and graces. Yet there is another side to the period: it was Puritan, of course, and possessed the defects of all Puritanism in that it denied the thing that is for the sake of the thing that might be, perhaps ought to be. Its public drama may have been melodrama, but its esoteric creed was sterner far than anything we know in the spirit of our time. And it is this stern, unbending creed which George Eliot expresses in her life and

work. Her spiritual life, outwardly so uneventful, moved among the instincts that lie at the base of the deepest thought of her time. So deep was she in that sad age that she declared honestly that it seemed to her a mistake that she had ever been born.

Her first great novel, "Adam Bede," was published in the same year as Darwin's "Origin of Species," and the two became the books of the year. The friend of the philosophic Brays and Hennells, the translator of Strauss, the writer on the scientific "Westminster Review," was carried at once into the great tide of physical science from which we are only now beginning to get back our breath, as it were. This tide of physical science was, of course, the first realization in modern times of the reign of Law, and, because it worked in the realm of matter, it, of course, interpreted life, not in terms of law only, but of matter. The atom, the microbe, ruled. "You and your Microbes," says Tennyson to George Eliot. Life, human and animal, with all its queer joy and poignancy, was narrowed to a tiny sunlit space where the motes danced. All the unutterable sadness of transiency beset George Eliot. She was haunted, too, by a sense of the terrible shortness of the time in which one might do good. One must either help or hinder, leave a fruitful inheritance or one that cursed. And the time was so short. It is to her a nightmare. She could not talk simply to people, so fierce was her desire to influence them for good. This is the Puritanism that is driven by goads. There is more than a touch of fanaticism about it.

As to her creed, Frederick Myers writes thus:—

"I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-call of men—the words God, Immortality, Duty—pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell, her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God."

Another deeply significant quotation gives her moral application of this stern creed:—

"I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow feeling with other men who would suffer the same pains if I were unjust or dishonest towards them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I am afraid of evil to myself in another. In some minds the deep pathos lying in the thought of human mortality—that we are here for a little while and then vanish away; that this earthly life is all that is given to our loved ones, and to our many suffering fellow-men—lies nearer the fountains of moral emotion than the conception of extended existence."

Moral emotion it is that inspires every picture she ever drew of human beings, of *Dolly Winthrop* casting on Them Above the burden of long illnesses and men's ways as well as of *Deronda* seeking Christlikeness in county families, in fanatic Jews and women of

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fashion, or of *Nancy Lammeter* measuring out the duties of life with as careful a nicety as when she adjusted the scales for butter-weighing. To George Eliot God was a dream, Immortality a lullaby to quiet babies, but by so much the more urgency must one cling to the one principle left of the great Trinity. Moral emotion ruled her art and, finally, the deductions which can be drawn from moral emotion became the sole medium of her creative life.

It was not science alone, however, that made her this stern believer in Law. The soil for this creed was prepared even before she saw the light. It was already in the Evans' blood. No one who does not know the rural Midlands of England can have any adequate realization of the forces which made little Mary Ann Evans. Again and again, even today, in moving about the farming class in Warwickshire one is aware of the ideals of the Dodson sisters as still persisting. Here conventional respectability and commercial honesty are the be-all and the end-all of existence. Of the lawless winds of the spirit that blow through West Country farm life they know nothing in these comfortable red-brick farmhouses with their walnut trees, full garners, and views over

meadows and spreading woodlands. Autumn here is amazingly beautiful with its glory of earth-colors and earthly scents. One of the reasons why it is hard to conceive of the author of "Lear" as being that Stratford butcher's son is because some of us know the mettle of the pasture from which he came. This life of Warwickshire countrywomen is not, however, hermetically sealed by a wall of feminine propriety from the sphere where people "fall;" thrifty wives with gigs know a great deal about the ways of servant wenches, about the struggle to make both ends meet among curates and laborers, about the liveliness that centres round the village inn. They live a life that is "seated in the mean" in every sense, a life where the mysteries are adroitly settled by driving them, like straying cattle, into the pen of the Established Church, that convenient bureau set up by Them Above for dealing with such unchancy things. At the school of the Misses Franklin in Coventry they were very much interested in sects; Mary Ann changed hers more than once, and ended up by wearing an "anti-supernatural cap." It was a strangely suitable start for the future Positivist.

Some great spirits there are who are

born out of due season; they fly like petrels in the teeth of the wind. George Eliot was not one of these. She lived in the habitat most suited to her nature, and out of her childish environment she created human beings as native to the English life of her time as the heather is to the heath. Her capacity for registering impressions was second to none. She would sit in corners watching her elders, and that was the beginning of her creative life. Her mother lives in her pages, her father, her brother and sister, herself—idealized, yet simplified in *Maggie Tulliver*—the people of the farm and the countryside. No one of her great contemporaries has surpassed George Eliot in full pictures in the round, not bas-reliefs, of people who were simple English of the simple English. We know that Tolstoi admired her work and has been despised for so doing. There is reason for this admira-

tion, since the maker of *Anna Karenina*, that supreme type of her hyper-civilized passion of cities, also created old *Yeroshka* of the "Cossacks," the simple hunter, and *Natasha*, the girl born to be a mother, and looked towards such types as these as being, not origins to explain the past, but exemplars of what should be in the future. Of the over-sexualized city life which Tolstoi condemned there is nothing in George Eliot's pages. There is, instead, what he himself preached in more virile, outspoken fashion, the insistence on self-renunciation before those claims of race, of family, and of natural religion, which every human being finds ready-made for him whenever and wherever he may be born.

This acknowledgment of claims was George Eliot's religion: it was, whenever the nineteenth century was at its best, the religion of the Victorian Age. George Eliot expressed it with entire



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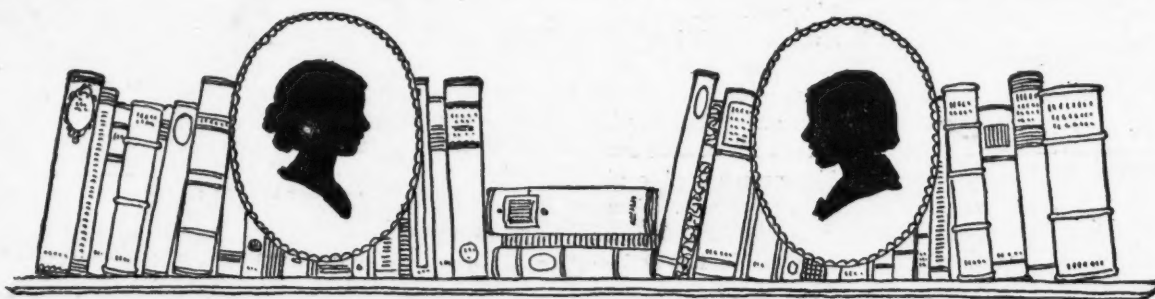
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sincerity because it was in her blood, but she followed it the more full-heartedly because she found the main stream of the intellectual life of her time flowing in the same direction as that little rivulet of her personal life which had its rise in the Dodson sense of responsibility. We are compassed about with a complex web from which we cannot escape: that was the refrain of the Dodson creed as well as of the "Origin of Species." Here was Darwin speaking of the all-pervading laws by which life has evolved: on and on they stretch into the future, these laws, as certainly, as unescapably as they rule in the past. There was no need now of any thunder from Sinai: the law is in the blood of all created beings. Little Mary Ann had heard the same principle in a farm kitchen before she could speak. Human beings move within an iron framework of law: they may break themselves against it. And that is all the liberty they possess.

If George Eliot had not been born to work in the stuff of human nature, she would have been, not merely a sad woman, but a bitter one. From that she was saved by her love for human beings, by her love and pity for them. It is the fashion today to say that it is physiologically impossible for a woman to be a creator in the world of the mind. She is only the thing that bears, the passive instrument of the life-force. And confronted with the creative power of Emily Brontë or of George Sand, the retort is: "Oh, they were great lovers," meaning by that that they were, by a freak, gifted with the man's passion and therefore with the man's Promethean power to beget in the world of the spirit. This cannot be said of George Eliot: she was not, in any sense in which we use the words now, "a great lover." Yet she loved her fellowmen as few have ever loved them. No tenderer glance than hers has ever fallen on old age and childhood, or on human beings struggling for a little sunshine ere the certain darkness fall. And it is this gift of tenderness that makes up her genius. No one, not even a Dostoevsky, has thrilled more fully with the sense of being human than George Eliot. It was this sense of sharing in their life that gave her the humor to draw the *Gleggs* and *Pullets*; to compass drama in the story of *Hetty*: to paint a sensuous, ease-loving nature in *Tito*. Yet humor, drama, sensuousness were, of all qualities, those most foreign to her nature and her creed. It is, looked at rightly, an extraordinary case of possession, this case of George Eliot, this vision of the sibylline professor of Positivism painting simple people as they are just because she loved them so well and could not paint them any other way. She once pointed out to a friend that one of her fine, well-shaped hands was wider than the other because of the butter-making it had done. If only she could have gone on making butter: for it was with that butter-making hand that she moulded those imperishable figures of country life that, if England ceased to be tomorrow, would still remain among the world's inheritance of beauty.

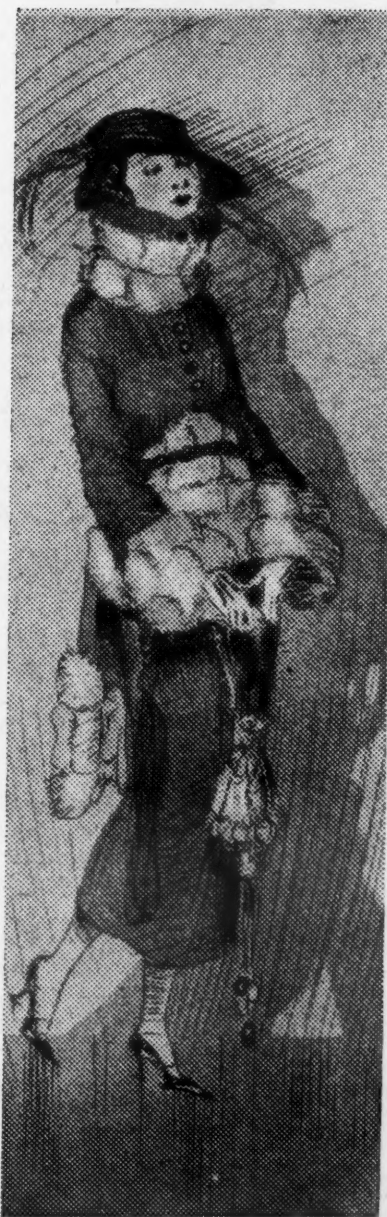
It is the same longing for affection which explains the anomalies of her personal life. The "little wench" who used to drive about the country staring out at

everything from between her father's knees could only find the protective affection which she required from a man. Woman leans on man and man on woman. "There is something strangely winning to most women in that offer of the firm arm: the help is not wanted physically at that moment, but the sense of help—the presence of strength that is outside them and yet theirs—meets a continual want of the imagination." Both Lewes and Cross met this "continual want of the imagination"; they supplied that sense of help. Observers speak more than once of Lewes' care as being

"motherly" in spirit, while everyone who has gone below the surface knows that a middle-aged woman of character can, if she will, usually fill the loneliness of her personal life by the devotion of youth—and this in no gross sense at all. Pity and tenderness toward the common lot are qualities close to the source of laughter and tears when common folk of everyday calibre are to be described, but they are neither fiery nor forceful enough to express a man in a moment of supreme conflict either with the forces within or the forces without. He passes, too, at such moments into realms where

the writ of the moral law simply does not run in any sense known on earth. George Eliot has, therefore, simply no power to raise her genius to deal with human beings wrestling in strange agonies. And that is why, when she essays to show *Deronda* playing the Christ, or *Romola* struggling to be just because it is "right" to show justice, or Savonarola facing the question of sinning to retain his power, she is simply seeing life in terms of problems. But life isn't a problem: it is something to be lived. And in these rare altitudes only the spirit filled with internal fire can

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live and endure the deadly cold. *Lydgate* is true because the dusty tragedy of domestic *versus* professional or even scientific duty belongs very much to this earth. Pity and tenderness are amply equipped to deal with his case. But those others, *Deronda*, *Mordecai* and *Savonarola*, if they are to breathe at all, must exist in the border world through which moves the passion of human thought. And George Eliot has no fire within to lift her to that world, though with her sad, prophetic gaze she strives to pierce the darkness. She is different from the other great Victorian novelists in that she sensed the existence of a world of spiritual passion, a world bewildering with strange lights, a world of

rejections and acceptances far beyond the ken of any religion of humanity that depend simply on "taking thought" anxiously. But she could never reach the depths and heights which were familiar to Dostoevsky's passionate power of identifying himself with all that is human. To the maker of that cold piece of repellant perfection, *Romola*, what would *Sonia*, the harlot, have seemed in that most marvellous passage in all literature, the colloquy when the street-walker and the saint reach together a purity that no earthly stain can touch?

It is difficult for us to be just towards a woman whose sense of reverence, a quality in which we are decidedly lacking, was so great that she confessed to a dislike of "Alice in Wonderland" because it made fun of stories which children, in a sense, believed. She was driven by a terrific urge to redeem the time, to bring some help to the sad race of ephemerides. "Tomorrow we die," she said always: the need was so great, the gathering of the darkness so sure. In a time when everyone was convinced that the foundations of everything, from the moral law to the constitution of the British Empire, were as fixed as the eternal hills, she shared the belief, but could find no peace in it. In an age like our own, when everything is in upheaval, when everything, including our own being, is in flux, we begin to be aware that we are spiritually made of a substance too tough to be destroyed. We feel that many modes of consciousness meet in us, the human being, that many planes of matter actually come to a focus in us. On one side of us there opens the immensity of outer nature; on the other, the fathomless depths of the world of the spirit within. We are poised so on two wings, and it is no longer a question of a God or an Immortality that is hard to conceive: it is difficult to see how there can come an end to anything which, like man, shares the awful complexity of nature and super-nature. Our case is, philosophically, so different from George Eliot's that we are inclined to be impatient with her, to ask: Why did she not push at her prison gates and come out?

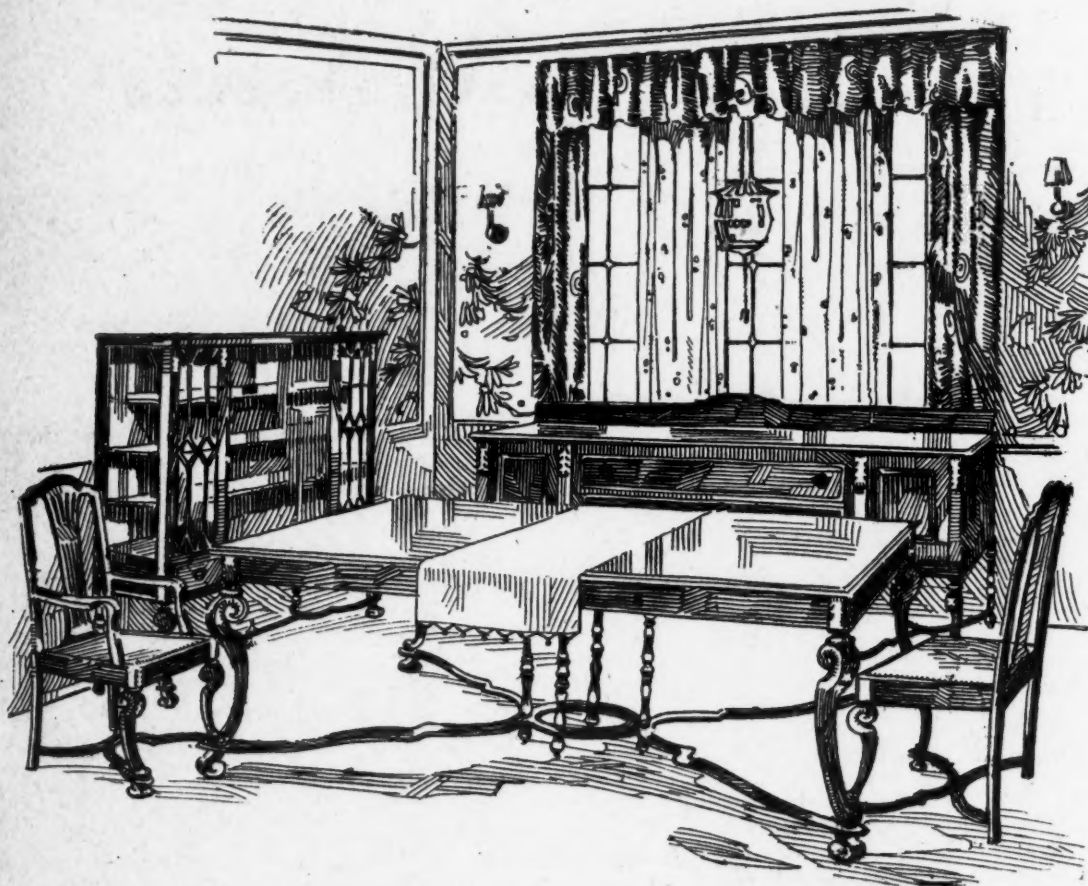
It is an unfair question. Hers was a great nature chilled by the creeping cold of a Time Spirit whose essential quality was Fear.—*From the London Nation.*

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## "Our America"

By Edna Wahlert McCourt

During the war and under the auspices of The High French Commission envoys of France crossed pouringly to us. They came for the large part to bring their land and its significance to America; they went away—engineer, actor, banker, solicitor—with definitive urge to take America back to France, introduce there this big, raucous, pregnant giant they had glimpsed. Consequently a progressive Paris publishing house, knowing revelation comes from within always and only, decided that France should have a book about the new-world country and people, a book authoritative with the passion of a real lover of America. Waldo Frank was selected to write it. The United States



## Dining Room Furniture

### Adds Dignity to Thanksgiving Festivities

THANKSGIVING brings to our homes relatives and friends whom we have not entertained for many a day. It is a natural desire to want everything to be at its best for this occasion. The dining room furniture is a prominent figure, doing much to add or detract from the dignity of the festivity.

We are ready with an inimitable display of dining room furniture. Upon investigating our line it will be evident that to have a well-appointed dining room it is not always necessary to make extravagant expenditures. The price and style range is suggested here.

#### *The Renaissance Dining Room Suite of Ten Pieces (illustrated), Priced at \$890*

Made of rich selected mahogany and in a most substantial manner. Every line of this well-fashioned suite bespeaks character. Suite comprises 72-inch board dining table with five side and one arm chair, fitted with slip seats.

#### *Queen Anne Dining Room Suite of Finely Fashioned Walnut, Nine Pieces, \$625*

A tone copy of Queen Anne lines. Because of its generous dimensions, fine workmanship and perfect finish the entire suite should appeal to one wanting an artistic yet moderately priced suite. We have the same style in eight, nine and ten piece suites.

#### *Fine Chippendale Dining Room Suite, "A Limbert Quality," \$575*

Made of solid mahogany in a very attractive design, with all of the details of the Chippendale period brought out in a most creditable manner. Buffet 66 inch, with cabinet base, serving table, five side diners and one armchair with tapestry upholstery. Extension table 54x54, capable of extending to 6 feet.

#### *William and Mary Dining Room Suite, Ten Pieces, \$487.50*

In addition to five side and one cane-draped arm diners of tapestry, this suite comprises buffet, china closet, extension table and serving table. With each piece constructed of genuine mahogany, thoroughly well finished, the price quoted is unusually low.

# STIX BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER



edition (Boni and Liveright) is called "Our America."

Every folk has its legend of the monster with two faces. Here we have in enduring print a picture of the titanic duality which is ourselves. America is stripped, cleft; then unified and sublimated into a prophetic hope.

First, as we read, a handful of black dust is thrown into the face, gloomy particles, thus: America, we are told, was as a matter of fact colonized out of ugly commercial rivalries of European peoples, out of the decline of the Middle Ages, out of an inglorious conscious reaching after material gold. America's constitution is rooted in the cult of wealth, it creates for private property rights morally beyond the public good! We are shown the pioneer wherever he flowed combating half the facts of existence so muscularly, so utterly as to encase his inner self in a tomb of inhibitions. Religion becomes handmaiden to the search after riches; the energy of denied senses hurls itself unleashed to the pursuit of power. Pragmatism is evolved, utilitarian philosophy without any idealism for leaven. So on. The wistful absurdity of that sincerity which would shave the infinity of "culture" to a finite five-foot-book-shelf. Our "national magazine" with a circulation of two terrible million, read religiously by the college professor, the gum-chewing stenographer, the farmer, the capitalist, everybody, is dedicated "to the cult of material acquisition and to the suppression of any truth or any emotion which might interfere with the march of American Wealth." Jack London deliberately gushing out stories of romanticism and brawn and animals—stories only of what appertains to "the infancy of sense"—a starved soul despairing; who, when asked shortly before his death, by the editor of a literary magazine whether he did not have some really good stories, valueless to the wealthy magazines for which he wrote, replied that there were no such stories but that "if the United States had been as kindly toward the short-story writer as France has always been kindly, from the beginning of my writing career I would have written many a score of short stories quite different from the ones I have." . . . Mark Twain, his masterpiece, *Huckleberry Finn*, penned at fifty, goes to New York to feel humble and become dumb before "the little dancing-masters of the magazine," Gilder and Howells! remains forever after dumb, says no further great word. Slavery, foul and rational. Puritanism, prospering commercially through its creed of intolerance, spawns itself and its devitalizing spirit with the tentacles of an octopus from New England westward, down, out—all over unmolded America, cripples a million communities with its imprint. Emerson and Poe losing Life in their endeavor to escape from it, the one on the hobbled steed of transcendentalism, the other on the wings of his imagination. The Hebrew, immigrating and procreating by the millions, bearing on his back the burden and strength of pride, mysticism, suffering, and poignantly specialized sensory experience; coming to "freedom" only to lose this shining half of himself in the money-grabbing other. Mexican,

Spanish, Indian cultures become ignored, denuded, lost under our trampling march after power. Edgar Lee Masters writes a great, pitiful book about life-defeating-the-spirit; no sweeter tonic could have been true for him, made as big a book. Dreiser denies the old gods lumberingly; but he has not yet sighted the new. New York . . . materially perfect expression of American extraversion. The inherent beauty of the theatre mildewing in the puerility of movies and the lust of Broadway. Bryan mewling impotently against evils he could not crush; Roosevelt ruling wholesale with "his opportunist mind, his anaesthetic senses, his obtuse will." Billy Sunday . . . the dark word burns on.

But then we are shown the giant's other face: Our pioneer not only brandishes his panting forged sword of materialism, he wears about his neck a hidden gold crucifix of optimism and dream. Out of our self-hatred, our Civil War—Lincoln: out of the coarse matrix of his ugly age, the pure vein of his spiritual achievement. And out of the blatant chaos which is Chicago the exultant certainty of Sandburg singing:

*I speak of new cities and new people. I tell you the past is a bucket of ashes. I tell you yesterday is a wind gone down, a sun dropping in the West. I tell you there is nothing in the world but an ocean of tomorrows, a sky of tomorrows!*

Suicidal, self-poisoned New England is transubstantiated: Thoreau, Ryder, Frost, Amy Lowell, Henry Adams emerge from its flesh purely. They are well men resurrected from the sick-bed of their heritage. The machine which is New York imperceptibly pauses in its nabob-begetting to admit Europe and house hungry yearning self-conscious visiting America, pauses to introduce articulate foreign culture and conflict—and so perhaps lift up to speech—her dumb country cousins. Along with the degeneracy of unbalanced Jewish evolution in the United States appear balanced generative Jews: the Jew photographer Stieglitz, the Jew musician Ornstein, the Jew critic Rosenfeld, the Jew poet Oppenheim. Alongside the localized straining cheep of little artists the universal thunder of the prophet Whitman: *I will make the poems of materials, for I think they are to be the most spiritual poems. And, I say no man has ever yet been half devout enough. And, I am large, I contain multitudes.* . . . Then, lastly, out of the War radicalism, propaganda, martyrs, revolution, art: seed of delayed articulation.

Now there is in Waldo Frank's book no such your-turn, my-turn stuff as I have here outlined. The structure of the pages is as organically philosophic and aesthetic as its momentum is dynamic. But these two aspects do loom out of the unity of their presentation, their reconciliation. Indeed their reconciliation is the brightness of the American Monster, and what is luminous is his essential unity. To quote: "The march across the continent has been the flowing of a stream. As the stream flowed it overwhelmed the life that stood in its way. All life opposing was swept within its general current. But also the varied

#### Electric Service Editorials

## One of This City's Big Assets

An Electric Service Editorial with the above title was one of a series published by Union Electric nearly three years ago. In that Editorial we said:

"St. Louis is passing out of a super-critical period into a period of great constructive enterprise. This is our opinion."

The war delayed it—but it's here—the biggest industrial boom in St. Louis' history. St. Louis and the St. Louis districts are entering upon a period of great industrial expansion.

The "big asset" we wrote about three years ago is Union Electric's Keokuk power contract, which gives the St. Louis district, under a 99-year contract, the lion's share of the cheap hydro-electric power developed at the great dam in the Mississippi River at Keokuk. This power for years past has kept down the cost of electricity in St. Louis and is today one of the main factors attracting new industries into the St. Louis district.

The war quickened and enormously increased the use of electric power in factories. Factory builders no longer try to produce their own electric power as a by-product of their steam heating plants. They have learned they can get cheaper and more dependable power from the central electric station.

Our work is cut out for us, to meet the rising demand in this district. Our combined capacity—steam-electric and hydro-electric is approximately 150,000 kilowatts. The rush of big new industries into this field, with the steady expansion of older industries, is rapidly absorbing our small unsold margin.

We are now installing a new 20,000-kilowatt generator in our St. Louis steam-electric plant, will install another next summer, and are planning a second large steam-electric plant to cost several million dollars, whose power output will be urgently needed as soon as we can get it ready.

Our next Editorial will give you some facts about the growth of this business, as an index to what St. Louis is doing and going to do by way of holding its rank among the great cities of America.

## UNION ELECTRIC Light and Power Co.

12th and Locust Streets  
St. Louis, Mo.



life that had made up the Stream, had given to it its force, soon lost its variance and was merged." . . . "But in the scattered corners of the great Darkness many men light many fitful fires. When once they meet, a flame will blaze across the sky." . . . "Our clamorous buildings drip energy. Our iron world is a tissue of complex human wills. Underneath walks the multitude, cowed, colorless, the abject creature of its creation. But this delirium of stone, for all its seeming mastery, is but a scum on the energies of men. *The multitude has better powers.*" Then (not only feeling, but showing the way): "This then is our

task. We must go through a period of static suffering, of inner cultivation. We must break our impotent habit of constant issuance into petty deed. We must begin to generate within ourselves the energy which is love of life."

With the details of this book—(with its omissions, too, and its finding only in the voice of the artist, instead of in all our institutional aspects, the feeble present writhe toward the entrance of our cave)—critics may quarrel, doubtless will, and must. But with the spirit of their fact, no one. Indeed so rarely intimate and true is this spirit that one wonders whether the European will

comprehend it as we shall, no matter how weary of the conventional "tourist literature" about us on which he has been fed. For "Our America," by its beautiful spirit, becomes literally *ours*. Belongs to us many who have long loved and hated and misunderstood the giant, ourselves; who have salaamed like swine to their trough to his dark face, and yet lifted a timid despairing hand to his brighter.

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We break many a promise to ourselves with excuses so weak that we would be ashamed to offer them to another.

## Letters From the People

### From Rome

Hotel —, Roma, 11-10-19.

Dear—

We are actually here, having arrived last night, and it certainly does seem too good to be true to be home again. So far we haven't found many changes except that the people all look very ill from lack of food, which is still far from plentiful and very expensive. There is no butter served at any meal, very little sugar and no white flour, as they still use war bread. The cakes are very simple and no deserts are served. The children are the worst; they show the lack of food more than anybody. The officers and men, too, look badly; so thin and strained looking; not at all the careful people they used to be. Compared to the well-fed French they show what they have been through and are still suffering.

Don't talk to me about your poor, starving France. I never saw so much food even in America. All the butter, white bread, cakes, luxuries of all kinds that you want. Sugar for coffee and tea is the only thing they lack. You have to have tickets for it if you want to buy it and the hotels only serve one piece a person.

We found on getting to Paris that it was a darned sight harder getting out again, as they only run the Rome Express three times a week and it was booked up until the following Thursday, so we decided we might just as well see some of the front. On Monday we went to Rheims, which I am frank to admit I was disappointed in. The Cathedral, though damaged by fire, was never shelled and the rose window is safe in Paris. So much for propaganda. It also came out that the fire was started by the French while there were German wounded in it. The town is practically destroyed, in fact it isn't; the trenches around Rheims have fallen in to such an extent that you cannot get any idea of them, except that the German ones were better constructed and wired than the French. Our one interesting experience was the firing of the shells found by the working parties, which kept going off all the time we were out there and gave a pretty good idea of what "a quiet day" must have been like.

Wednesday we went to Soissons and there we had all the thrills we wanted. Moulin de Laffaux and Le Chemin des Dames were as much fought over as Vimy ridge, if not more so. Our chafeur evidently lived in one of the villages there and naturally felt very keenly; in fact he was the only Frenchman I saw who held any grudge against the Germans, and he certainly was bitter. At Laffaux, or what used to be, we saw what war actually was like. They had fought over the village so many times that there wasn't even a stone left and the different occupants had finally cut dugouts into the side of the hill. Then when the Germans advanced in June the French left everything and it is still there. Machine guns with the belts in them, broken rifles, bits of clothing, water bottles, rations, gas mask respirators, bombs, hand grenades and thousands of shells of all calibres. It seems as if they had just left, and you

A. G. SOLARI,  
Pres.

# Leppert-Roos Fur Co.

ESTABLISHED  
1867.

809 WASHINGTON AV.

## Furs and Mystery

When you buy furs, it is well to invest in them, rather than to speculate. There's a marked difference between the two.

Whenever a fur piece is greatly underpriced, there is a reason for it, and do not permit the dealer to tell you that it's because the weather is warm or because you're a favored customer, or any such tomfoolery. Find out why!

Take fox skins, for example. A legitimate fur dealer may show you a fine large muff and throw, made from fine peltries of unusual size, and quote you a very fair price on it.

Before you purchase, remember that So-and-So, around the corner are having a heavily advertised Sale. You decide, as is your privilege, to go and see what they are offering. Fine!

But they are all ready for you and show you a set at a lower price and apparently identically the same as you were looking at in the legitimate store, but which is really worth only half as much.

"Sour grapes?" Not so—here is the little darkie in the woodpile.

An unscrupulous furrier can take a very small fox skin, or most any other kind of peltrie, and expand it to about twice its size, but its intrinsic value does not expand accordingly.

The skin is laid face downward and slit many, many times down the wider part by cuts about half an inch apart and running parallel to each other. Common sheep skin strips are then cut and inserted in these slits and sewed along each edge, making the back look like a bird's-eye view of a freight yard, although the deception cannot be detected on the fur side owing to the great density of the fur.

When such a piece is made into a muff or throw, the padding and the lining prevent one from feeling the many seams inside the skin, but if you will press the piece hard between the two hands and rub slowly, you will have the sensation of passing your fingers over a silken covered wash board.

So, after all, you find that the genuine article in the honest man's store represented true value, while the "special reduction" was no reduction at all—but decidedly an inflation.

Use care to shun the animal that "grows" to twice its size after it is killed, and—beware of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

To be continued.  
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Wonderful Coats and Dolmans, luxurious creations in Alaska Seal, Hudson Seal (dyed Muskrat), Eastern Mink, Jap Mink, Nutrias Mole, Siberian Squirrel, Australian Opossum — exquisitely trimmed, gorgeously silk lined and

Furs  
of  
DEPENDABLE  
Quality  
Prices  
\$150 to  
\$2,800

Chokers and Animal Scarfs in various furs, \$20 and up.

Throws, Stoles and Capes, \$50 and up.

The  
LEPPERT-ROOS  
label in any garment is an assurance of perfection in quality, style and workmanship.





hardly dare walk around for fear of what you may find. And all the time, shells bursting not far away, to add to the reality of it all. At Crouy, a few miles from there, the French blew up two of their new sixteen-inch naval guns for fear of their falling into the hands of the Germans, and there they are still just as they were left in the retreat. After lunch we motored over to Chateau Thierry and a more peaceful country you can't imagine. Except for a few villages near Soissons that are destroyed, and a few scattered farms, you wouldn't know there had ever been a war and that road was the turning point in the German advance. It has all been sown in grain and the harvest was enormous, both summers, but of a different kind. As for the burning of villages and the destroying of trees by the Germans, don't you believe it. With the exception of Rheims cathedral there wasn't a sign of fire in any of the villages we saw. The thing that E—and I could not understand was the fact of the French working shoulder to shoulder with the German prisoners in cleaning up and rebuilding. They seemed to be on the best of terms and no bitterness on either side. It certainly is strange.

H—.

## New York Swats the Treaty

New York, November 6, 1919.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

You may be interested to know about the election and the underlying causes as they seem to me. La Guardia and Curran, Republican nominee for President of the Board of Aldermen and President of the Borough of Manhattan, respectively, are elected much to their own surprise. La Guardia is a congressman and Curran a city magistrate. Neither of them had resigned their offices. La Guardia's plurality is very small and there may be a recount, but it seems unlikely. The Republicans carried all their candidates for Supreme Court, but the Democrats got some of the minor judgeships. The vote indicates a Republican gain of 100,000, a Socialist gain of 50,000 and a Democratic loss of 170,000, as compared with last year.

The attitude of the newspapers in attempting to ascribe causes is very amusing. Although they have been devoting pages of space for months past to the League of Nations, they cannot see that it cut any figure in producing the results. They ascribe it all to Murphy's attempt to dictate nominations to the bench. That this had some effect is of course undoubted, but it probably did not influence more than 30,000 votes at the outside and it had no effect in Brooklyn. If the thought in the voter's minds was to rebuke Murphy, the obvious way to have done so would have been to have defeated his son-in-law, Foley, who was running for surrogate, but instead of being defeated, Foley is elected by a 25,000 majority.

The real truth is that the League of Nations issue was a dominant factor in the minds of thousands, who, not finding other means of expressing their opinion, voted against the Democratic party for the first time in their lives. Indeed, the result of the election can

not be regarded as a Republican victory.

Although there was no declared fusion there was an actual fusion of all the elements in the city hostile to Tammany Hall, and the wonder is that under the circumstances it came so near breaking even. La Guardia's majority is only 1500 in a total vote of over a million. While the effect of the loss of so many offices and places of power is little short of disastrous, the figures prove that as an effective voting organization Tammany remains incomparable. Everything broke against it this year. It was presumed that a great deal of its strength lay in the saloons. This year the saloons were largely out of business. It had to bear the brunt of the rancor of race-conscious elements of the population against President Wilson. Hearst had opened his mud-batteries on its candidates. The principal figure on its ticket, Robert L. Moran, a mere cipher, who was nominated because he happened to succeed to the office of President of the Board of Aldermen upon Governor Smith's election, suffered an attack of appendicitis soon after his nomination and could not register, vote nor campaign. With all these handicaps, to have come within 1500 votes of winning is to have demonstrated the loyalty of a preponderant part of the electorate to the much-maligned Tammany.

Whatever may be the attitude of the metropolitan press as to the meaning of the election, there seems to be no misunderstanding of the subject in Washington. There they have made up their minds that no popular disapproval hangs over the heads of the so-called "Battalion of Death." This epithet, applied to those senators who propose to reject the Treaty, is another illustration of the aptitude of gentlemen notorious for their cold-bloodedness to appeal to sentiment when it suits their purpose.

OWEN MERRYHUE.

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## Aux Artistes N'Ont Pas Brille

(Continued from page 784)

a great tone poem by a pure lyricist, melody on melody, song on song. Nature in her finest lilting mood, but full of subtlety, depth and significance. Not in a single picture was there any of the brutality, the senseless and implacable savagery of the great mother. The inanimate world in its moods of terror and darkness are unknown to Kramer. He does not feel it, cannot see it. His faith denies it. Therefore he cannot paint it.

He sees only the luminosity, tenderness, the sweet harmonies of the growing and greening world. To paint this, to present it with all the metaphysical beauty he brings to it, he has developed his delicate and elusive style, his enchanting vagueness that is yet often as definite as a composition in music. Debussy is his prototype in another art—the sheer esthete.

Try as you like you cannot find the true predecessor of this man, his mentors and approachers. They exist, to be sure. Art is a growth, a development. There is nothing spontaneous or unadumbrated in all its agelong march. The earlier Cezanne is hinted here and there in the converging lines of Kra-

## Electric Service Editorials

# Union Electric's Solid Growth

Nearly three years ago, when Union Electric had 88,000 electric service customers, some folks smiled at our prediction that by 1925 we would have 200,000—150,000 in the city, 50,000 in St. Louis and surrounding counties. Those who did the smiling didn't believe the St. Louis district would grow fast enough to justify that prediction. We stand pat on that forecast—and expect to do even better.

Here is Union Electric's record of customer growth for three years and nine months:

Date	In the City	Outside	Total	Increase
Dec. 31, 1915	65,191	6,279	71,470	
Dec. 31, 1916	76,946	8,907	85,853	14,383
Dec. 31, 1917	84,662	11,088	95,750	9,897
Dec. 31, 1918	88,525	12,321	100,846	5,096
Sept. 30, 1919	95,415	13,723	109,138	8,292

Total increase in 3 years and 9 months.....37,668

That gain of more than 50 per cent in number of electric service customers, during the world war period, when people were economizing as never before, proves the St. Louis district grew rapidly during those years. It proves also that today everybody recognizes electric service as a NECESSITY—the same as city water.

The RATE of customer growth is now rapidly increasing. It will fairly jump as new housing is provided for the tens of thousands of families who will come here to serve the great new industries now erecting their plants and the other thousands who will come here to work in the big additions that are being made to older St. Louis industries.

Because now and hereafter every new home, whether a separate house or an apartment, will as a matter of course be wired for electric service. No builder can afford to leave it out, because no family wants to buy or rent a home without electric service.

Here is another index to Union Electric growth during the same period:

Year	Employees	Payroll
1915	1,273	\$ 971,346.80
1916	1,697	1,297,177.66
1917	1,797	1,663,626.30
1918	1,438	1,504,895.30
1919 (9 months)	1,388	1,407,733.82

During 1916 and 1917 we had hundreds of men on plant construction work. During 1918 this work was practically stopped, for want of men and materials. Notice that the 1,388 employees on the payroll for 1919 are drawing pay at the rate of \$1,877,000 a year, as compared with a payroll of a trifle over \$1,660,000 for 1,797 employees in 1917, and that the 1919 average yearly pay per employee is over \$1,350.

St. Louis ("entirely surrounded by the United States"), is on the way and going faster every day. The million population mark is no longer regarded as a goal, but only as a way station on the route St. Louis is traveling. Rival cities that count on passing St. Louis in the 1920 census may be due for a disappointment.

## UNION ELECTRIC

Light and Power Company

12th and Locust Streets

St. Louis, Missouri



# Nugent's

## Semi-Annual Economy Week

**Begins Monday, November 17th**

AND CONTINUES FOR ONE WEEK

*Offering the People of St. Louis and vicinity a Half Million Dollars' worth of Seasonable Merchandise at unheard of Low Prices.*

See daily papers for particulars. Come every day as each day will have something new to offer. 200,000 Circulars are now being sent broadcast throughout the city and suburbs—if you have not received one—phone Advertising Department.

### Nugents

## A Department For WOMEN

In charge of  
**MISS NETTIE GUNSELL**

Featuring

## MONITO HOSIERY

every pair of which is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Sweater Coats, Scarves, Handkerchiefs in excellent quality are also to be found in Miss Gunnesell's department.

Your inspection is invited.

## NAY & KUNZ

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## At the Service of Your Eyes

My carefully co-ordinated service of Oculist, Optometrist and Optician assures a professional diagnosis and the expert fitting of your prescription at one moderate charge to cover the three separate services, including the cost of eye-glasses or spectacles.

### OLIVER ABEL

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Oculist, Optometrist Optician,  
Fourth Floor  
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You will get them with a trial subscription for 14 weeks to *The Public*, a constructive liberal weekly journal, high grade without being highbrow.

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*The Public*, Educational Bldg., 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

mer's tree trunks. There is a presence of the Monticelli disdain of drawing. Odelon Redon obtrudes himself on the memory in the presence of some of Kramer's things. But, after all, the relationship is formal. In the last analysis Kramer is a solitary figure, a personal artist. He has picked up bits of technique here and there, consciously or otherwise. But in the main he is simply Kramer—a man who has learned to project himself.

After hours of feasting on the impalpable loveliness of a hundred pictures, we turned our backs and began once more to gossip. Had he never sold any of these exquisite things? Had he really made an effort to be received? Was it possible that Americans, with all their taste for illusion, had not taken him into open arms? I was honestly puzzled. The artist sat down on the corner of a chest and told me some of his adventures.

There is no need to pain the stranger with the familiar details of an artist's trials in the plutonian world of the picture dealer, that wholly practical and darkly conservative business man, who passes current with the great mass of our people as critic and connoisseur. One after another, New York's art salesmen, who control the market of the country, were approached, asked to look at Kramer's work and to place it on show. Most of them glanced at the things, saw something unfamiliar and unorthodox in them and shooed the painter away with polite excuses or smiles or bits of mock criticism picked up from the art manuals.

On the whole, the other artists had better discernment. One or two of them, notably Jerome Myers, the recorder of New York's East Side and a man whose artistic faith is diametrically opposed to that of Kramer, tried to get recognition for the poetic landscaper. A few pictures of his were got into the larger exhibitions and generally hung in deadly apposition to paintings in high key and strong color, which immediately "killed" the Kramer work. On a single occasion one of these exhibits led to a sale of one or two pictures at a decent price—once in many years. A few sales at absurd prices to friends of no means or to other poor picture lovers whom these friends had interested—these completed the man's earnings for a period covering a quarter of a century. Save for the roof and bed and board provided by his family, the artist must have starved or turned to some trade. Even so, he was sometimes forced to paint a roof, a house or a barn to get cash for materials. That was surely better than making copies or faking. There was a touch of pride in the confession.

Within a day or two of this visit I made it a point to see a few painter friends whom I suspected of more or less familiarity with Kramer's work, to get their opinions, to make certain of my own estimate. Jerome Myers told me that Kramer was an important man in American landscape, a figure, a contributor of something decidedly worth while. Robert Henri, too, knew the work. It was, he said, of very high quality and beauty, a refined and personal art expressive of things disregarded by most painters. It was dif-

ferent, distinguished and full of absolute poetry. George Luks, that strident realist and worshiper of *force majeure*, added his praise. Here were three men whose style and manner were as distant as imaginable from the Kramer practice, and all appreciative, even enthusiastic. I began browsing among the painters and was astonished to find complete unanimity of opinion, or what struck me more at the moment, general knowledge of Kramer's work among other artists. Many leaders among our men of the brush had known him for years and always regarded him with honor and affection. One or two of the journeymen critics were in the same position.

Perhaps, I reflected, this is what the rash call recognition. A man works for thirty years, tirelessly, in the face of every rebuff, without honor and without reward, and at the end of that time his fellows know and esteem him, but he cannot sell a picture, buy bread, or exchange his work for shelter. If this is arrival, then truly enough no genius remains unknown. And if he dies so, or goes mad with worry and burdens, some dealer, who has stocked up on his canvases at five and ten dollars apiece, suddenly discovers the greatness of the fallen genius, and the parvenu art-buying world honors the shrewd merchant as a Columbus and pays enormous prices for a dead man's broken dreams. Truly, as my editor so wisely worded his pontifical decree: Celebrity comes to every genius sooner or later!

The point of this is not, after all, that there are neglected creators of beauty. What interests us in the end is to determine the forces and conditions that keep talent hidden. How does it happen that a man of this type remains obscure and in want while hundreds of mediocrities, the veriest daubers, scribblers, copyists, posers and bootleggers of the arts, attain celebrity and even riches?

There is, first of all, the element of conformity. It is no great trick to paint pictures, carve statues or write books in the accepted style and to get them received. Nothing is easier for the man who can handle his tools at all. Nothing is required beyond facility and retentive memory. But Kramer happens to be something of an innovator without verging on anything radical enough to attract cheap attention. His work is totally different from anything established and just as far removed from the bizarre and buffoonery that have screamed their way to sensational acceptance in painting. But see what happens to him. His sane, reasoned and reasonable progress beyond old manners is too marked to permit him a place in the established procession and not strident enough to take place with the radicals. So he remains unheard in the clamor of revolutionaries and the shouts of the reaction.

Again, the extreme delicacy and refinement of Kramer's work, its very esthetic beauty, has militated against him. No one is blamable for this, least of all the artist. The conditions of exhibition in America, which do not differ essentially from those in France, Germany, Britain and Italy, are responsible in the main. Unless a painter



has the force or the friends to procure a "one-man show," he must be content with displaying his wares beside those of other artists. His pictures are hung in all sorts of groupings and environments. He must battle against every manner of painter for the palm. The unfairness of such competition does not appear at first glance. Kramer's case is a fine illustration of it, however. Every time the man has been rash enough to show his work in a general show, it has been hung in deadly apposition to stronger pictures. Not better pictures, mind you, but works in strong, often violent colors, which routed the tender tones, the exquisite nuances, the ecstatic neutrals of the Kramer work without a battle. No need of going to the world of paint for proof of the lethal effect of such juxtaposing. Last winter, when German music was beginning to be heard again in New York, the Teuton concert masters had their revenge on their French foemen. Again and again one went to recitals to find the intricately delicate music of Debussy cruelly sandwiched between mighty slices of Wagner and the huge powerful dissonances of Strauss. The result was pitiful. How trivial and futile the really fine music of the Frenchman seemed, the ears still throbbing with *Tristan* or trembling with the gusty passions of *Don Juan*. It takes no imagination to see Claude Debussy still suspended in darkness and defeat had his compositions been forced to constant repetitions under such handicaps. But that is quite what has happened to Kramer. Again and again some reputable dealer was talked into a receptive mood and then led around the corner to view a Kramer or two hung in these hodge-podge shows. A glance generally disposed of the matter. Between the unfamiliarity of the Kramer beauty, which prevents its immediate acceptance by all but discerning eyes, and the fatal nearness of foe-pictures, the work was done and undone.

And, finally, as in most cases, there remains the personality of the man himself. Many another fellow must have long since succeeded with such work as Kramer's. But this creator is unfortunate in an almost morbid shyness, a *mauvais honte* which keeps him silent and timid in the most commonplace company. He is not a pusher. To toot the bassoon for himself would sicken and ruin him. His social graces are not of a kind to win him flatterers or fuglemen. He is sensitive, takes rebuffs seriously and is inclined to solitude and self content. And he is, of all the hopelessly inept business men of the arts, the very worst.

This impractical, reserved, aloof man could not get out and do the rough and tumble necessary to the success of an innovator. And there was none to do it for him. In the absence of an organized art spirit in America, here was defeat at the outset. When there is no standard of criticism, no court of appeal for the artist and no pioneering sense among the lovers, judges and dilettante, what can happen to such a person?

Some excellent people, laboring under the weight of one of the saddest misconceptions, constantly urged in the

case of the artist, may feel that I stress too much the point of material success, of paying recognition. Everywhere there is the notion that the artist is and ought to be above money. Artists have always been poor. Poverty is the proper and recognized state for the creator of beauty. Only when in want does he do his best work. Necessity is the true taskmaster for the genius. Who ever heard of a rich painter or a well-fed poet amounting to anything? These are some of the patent ideas common to all unthinking minds. Galton has dealt sufficiently with most of these banal errors and history with the rest. Yet they persist and assume greater immobility with the years.

Even so excellent an artist and fine a spirit as Robert Henri told me on an occasion: "It is wrong to lay emphasis on the misfortune of the artist. The greatest misfortune is not his but the world's. If an artist remains unencouraged and unrecognized his gift will be stunted and his powers will not come to full growth and stature. Some precious thing of beauty will not come to expression through him; some priceless thing will be lost to all mankind. Beside this, the suffering of the individual is insignificant."

True, fine. A noble and exalted attitude and understanding, yet one that conceals in its body the deadly ova whose larvae are certain to destroy the whole tissue of the truth.

An artist is a human animal like any other and lives in the common world, with all the common needs and wants. If anything, his more delicate constitution and finely poised organism demand the luxuries. His tools and materials are the costliest, his growth the slowest, his period of training the longest, his years of productiveness the fewest. And he is the maker of the only perdurable stuff that comes from all the vast factory activities of toiling mankind. His product alone lasts and grows more precious with the centuries. And his is, in the final distillate, the one lifting and forward marching energy in the species. Without him nothing. To believe otherwise is to say that the vendor who sells or the thief who steals a Gioconda is fit for higher honor and greater reward than a Leonardo.

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### Diamonds

Do your Christmas shopping early! This is as applicable to jewelry as to anything else. And diamonds, for instance—well, one wants much time to examine and compare and consider. In purchasing diamonds, if one is not an expert, the chief consideration is the vendor. He must be a thoroughly reliable merchant, for in nothing so much as in diamonds are real values hidden from the eye. The shade of the stone, its cutting, its freedom from flaws of all kinds, its mounting—are factors of its worth that must be given careful consideration in preference to its size. In the purchase of a diamond there must not be the slightest misrepresentation and it is on this score that the diamond department of Stix-Baer & Fuller invite business. They are prepared to supply your diamond needs from the smallest stones to the highest grade, all suitably mounted. And back of each stone they sell they place the

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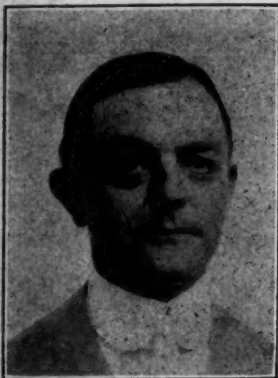


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## Some Recent Fiction

By Vincent Starrett

Popular as are the innumerable magazines in this country given over almost entirely to short stories, it is said by publishers that volumes of short stories do not sell. They are published, but as a rule only when an author has done something distinguished in the novel-writing line, or when a single tale has created something of a sensation in its periodical debut. It is odd that this should be so, but we are assured that such is the fact, and if we do not care for the collected *contes* of a popular novelist, we must return to the tales of the accepted masters and re-read De Maupassant, Poe, Stevenson and the others of that excellent company.

Newton A. Fuessle has persuaded the Cornhill Company to issue his short stories, perhaps on the strength of his fairly successful recent novel, "The Flail." A number of persons, to our certain knowledge, have been watching Mr. Fuessle's work in the magazines for a number of years. It has been unusually good work, of a quite distinctive order, and it has not appeared in the journals where, for the most part, the body of our readers look for the best short stories. Mr. Fuessle has published where he could. Not that the periodicals which have printed his stories do not publish other good stories; they do. In my opinion, they publish better stories, on the whole, than the greater journals, so called, with years of success and tradition behind them. The point is that the average reader doesn't know where to look for the best.

At any rate, here in "Flesh and Fantasy," are fourteen short stories of very genuine excellence; some of them extremely noteworthy. The thinking in them is not conventional; in spots it is thoroughly radical. The author belongs to a small group of writers who are boldly realistic in a day of superficial sophistication. In one story, "The Leap," he has written a very curious tale indeed, and in casting about for another story with which to compare it, one thinks of Ambrose Bierce's extraordinary narration of "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," in which between the instant of a hanged man's drop and the succeeding instant of his death, a lifetime of emotion and suspense is lived.

Mr. Fuessle is considerably concerned with modern life and its depressing manifestations, and it may be asserted on the evidence of his stories that he does not vote either of the great party tickets. The social injustice of modern life is cruelly revealed at times, by a writer with much of the power of Stephen Crane to depict a critical situation with

photographic accuracy, but with the emotion of the living scene.

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"Not the great American novel," say the publishers of "The Paliser Case," by Edgar Saltus. Well, it is not; nor is it the worst by a large majority. In it we have a curious spectacle—that of a genuinely great artist deftly setting about the business of concocting a "thriller." The result is really an achievement. It can be highly recommended to lovers of literary champagne, who like the sparkle and satire of Max Beerbohm or the early "Green Carnation" manner of Robert Hichens. Probably no other American writer could have written this book, for the two who occur first to mind, as noted, are Englishmen. Mr. Saltus is a genius, long neglected by critics and the reading public—one wonders morosely, often, whether critics do not comprise the reading public—and while "The Paliser Case" is not his high water mark, nor, one fancies, does he believe it to be, it is a brilliant piece of writing and a good story into the bargain.

Toward the close, the author "lets down" a bit, introduces at too great length the Dickensian *Mr. Dunwoodie*, with his "Hums" and "Hahs," and strings out the agony unnecessarily; too, he rather summarily disposes of *Margaret Austen*, a not unlikable lady, who should have been made more "horrid" at the beginning if we are to have no regrets at all concerning her; but these offenses are not capital. Whatever its minor defects may be, "The Paliser Case" is a noteworthy novel, by one of the few writing men of our day who has an adequate acquaintance with the English language.

Mr. Saltus' epigrams chiefly are marital, and often are memorable. Marriage he quaintly describes as "a mutual misunderstanding;" later, as "the most ancient of human institutions. . . . Divorce must have been invented at least three weeks later." Again, "matrimony is temporary insanity, with permanent results." Some of the acid pleasantries are reminiscent of Wilde, whom Saltus knew, and the whole atmosphere of the book, modern though its setting, is that of the eighteen-nineties. Some may object to this; to the reviewer it is one of the book's delights.

The author's characterization always is brilliant; his portrait of the objectionable *Mrs. Austen* is beautifully malicious, though reminiscent of an offensive type which he has etched before in "Tristrem Varick," an earlier novel. His various remarks concerning the German Kaiser, put into the mouths of *Paliser*, *Jones* the novelist, and others, are masterpieces of repressed obscenity. For instance, *Jones*. "Loti claims that what spoke through him (the Kaiser) was a hyena. Loti is lacking in literary sobriety. When a hyena has eaten he is at peace with the world. But when was bestiality ever filled? It is insatiable, and so is this thug whom God, at most, may have permitted to look in the mirror without vomiting."

There are not lacking signs that Saltus is coming into his own; and it is high time. Carl Van Vechten has written of him in "The Merry-Go-Round" (Knopf), and others will do so. They must. "The Paliser Case" is published by Boni & Liveright.



## Music

By Victor Lichtenstein

### A FORECAST.

St. Louis, for many years the despised among American cities as a center of musical endeavor, ridiculed in the cate gossip of the Eastern musician and impresario, impotent apparently to advance ever so little along the paths of art culture—St. Louis is now entering the magic circle of the disseminators of aesthetic beauty.

Many factors have contributed toward the realization of this benign state, most important of which has been the slow and rational growth of our local symphony orchestra. It is a long road from the day when we realized that the orchestra as then constituted could not play a passable accompaniment even; when a visiting artist was compelled to alter an entire programme because of this fact.

I received a letter from a prominent last year, requesting me to rank the orchestra in its proper numerical position among similar organizations in this country. This naive question reminds me of the query propounded to the children: "Do you play third or fourth grade music?" Nothing is permanent but change, and as the supposed miraculous perfection of the Boston orchestra has been courageously and successfully challenged by the spirited and manly performers of the Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago bands, and others, so the St. Louis orchestra

can justly claim rank with the best in the United States today. Our pride in every sincere local effort should prompt us to strengthen the morale of the organization so that our musicians will on all occasions be spurred to do their very best.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remind ourselves at the present moment of the true function of music. Of all the arts music is more nearly able to seize the essence of the emotional life of mankind, and, by the power of the composer's genius and intelligence, to translate for us in no uncertain accents the impulses back of all human activity. Let us, for instance, examine a great symphony by Beethoven. Here, in the space of say forty-five minutes, we have unfolded before our inner hearing and our imagination, a composition in which are contrasted the expression of the primal human emotions: joy, grief, hope, despair, renunciation, triumph, courage, ultimate faith in the victory of all good and beautiful things. You may say this interpretation is but the idle fantasy of the brain of a dreamer and musical enthusiast, but let us examine the method by which this result is achieved. The composer announces two or three subjects of musical discourse in exactly the same manner as the orator announces the subject of his talk, as the novelist the theme of his work, or as the epic poet the argument. With these two or three basic musical thoughts vitally pregnant of great possibilities of development, the composer elaborates and discusses each theme in all its possible alterations and developments. In the course of this discussion, which, recall, is always in terms of music and not of concrete thought, he keeps up a running commentary upon the realities of the emotional life of mankind, sticks closely to his text, never wanders afield, except to explain or contrast, and gives to us a symmetrical tonal epic, comparable in dignity, in loftiness of conception, in spiritual beauty, and in courage of message, to the greatest poetry of all the ages. Is not this, then, in a sense the highest wisdom, a wisdom which is not born of detailed knowledge of science, but of the profound emotional experiences which lie back of every religious manifestation?

A second contribution to a keener appreciation of good music is the enormous vogue of the reproducing machine, which, while never able to take the place of the living performer, has succeeded in popularizing the art to a degree almost unbelievable. Why, the monthly bulletin of the new Victor records is a delightful music encyclopaedia, with its bright analysis of the composition, its brief sketch of composer and performer, and even a treatise on the technique demanded for a correct performance. And the orchestra records, until very recently an abomination to the ear, are noticeably improved. I heard a splendid reading of the last movement of the "Scheherazade Suite" of Rimsky-Korsakow played by the Philadelphia

orchestra, which is really astounding in its clarity. And the Flonzaley quartet, those masters of chamber music, have recorded several excellent bits which are exceptional in balance of tone, notably a dainty fairy-like Canzonetto from a Mendelssohn quartet.

I would like in this connection to make a plea for a democratization of the great symphonic literature of the world. If the symphonies of Beethoven and Haydn and Tschai-kowski and Dvorak bear a universal message of hope and courage, then they should be made the common property of all mankind. Municipal orchestras should be established in all of our large centers of population to preach these wonderful sermons of beauty and faith. In America we are so eager to have the best of everything that we seem more concerned at the present moment with an over-refinement of performance; we want our orchestras to be the best ever, our soloists and conductors to be the highest-priced. If we were to think more of the spiritual significance of the art and be rather concerned with good music than with exclusive performances, we will have made a long step in the direction toward democratization. The greatest art is always universal in its appeal; the child of normal constitution, the man and woman in humble station are as sensitive to the beauty of great music and painting and literature as the profoundest scholar. Back of it all must be the quality of

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ecstasy and mystery which speaks of a world transcending the world of fact and experience; the invisible, glorious, unconquerable realm of music.

"Music frees us. Not only does it let each of us say for himself what he cannot say in words, but at its best it reveals to us a higher reach of life, detached, yet a part of the inmost being of us all. When we truly respond to it, there is set up in us a certain harmonious vibration which tunes us to one another, to the mother earth, the everlasting sea, and to that larger world of suns, stars and planets of which they are a part."

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Mollie, the Irish domestic, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place, when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for one piece of carelessness. "You haven't wound the clock, Mollie," she said. "I watched you closely, and you gave it only a wind or two. Why didn't you complete the job?" "Sure, mum, ye haven't forgot that I'm leavin' tomorrow, have ye?" asked Mollie. "I ain't goin' to be doin' anny of the new gyurl's work."

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During the examination at the close of school, the fourth grade teacher asked her history class to name the five most important men of the recent war. One boy, in all seriousness, answered the question thus: "General Pershing, President Wilson, General Foch, my big brother Tom, and Andy Sullivan's brother Pat."

## Love of the Best Books

By Thomas Bird Mosher

There are times, and these assuredly are of them, when one comes to feel that the "gentleman of cultivated mind and broad intellectual experience," who wrote an editorial friend a while ago, was not so far wrong as the advertising pages of current literary journals would indicate. It is enough, perhaps, if I quote the following passage from this letter:

"The mass of printed matter that is being turned off the presses is nothing short of appalling. Every day adds to the accumulation of the world's books. The spectacle suggests a question as to the wisdom of buying books at all. From your advantageous viewpoint as an observer of the constantly changing conditions of the world, will you be so good as to tell me why I should buy books?"

The answer was what many of us believe to be true and of good report which, by my own publications, I feel I am helping to sustain; even in these days of doubt and indecision, inadequate help and supplies almost impossible to obtain of a quality I have always adhered to in my bookmaking. There are, indeed, self-imposed limitations which, as they seem to me, are all the more binding. These limits I find set out by my friend, Mr. John L. Foley, who, in a recent essay, asked, "If you wanted an education who could help you" and then has this to say:

"Charles Lamb, in his vacations from the dull clerk's life he had to lead in London, used to go down to Oxford just to walk around beneath its dreaming towers, to imagine himself a student within those ivied walls. But he had the best of that justly famous university, 'the mother of lost causes,' in his heart and mind; he had the love of the spirit of learning—the love of the best books."

"The love of the best books" includes then *the book in itself*, for I have ever assumed that the content of the book would be on the highest level of prose or poetry as may happen.

There is another point noted by the editor in replying to the "gentleman of cultivated mind and broad intellectual experience":

"Public libraries have great usefulness in promoting taste for reading. But as a substitute for owning books, they will satisfy no one except him who is willing that all his friends should live in barracks under public supervision, to be visited only by permission of a public functionary, the hours of communion defined and restricted, and the friend to be sent back to the bunkroom at the end of a stated term."

Hence we must make of our books our deepest and most lasting friendships, and this can only be done by buying and not borrowing from a library. First and last then, it is quality and not quantity, *completed by private ownership*. Let me end with what I think you will admit is a beautiful exposition of my belief:

"There is a verse in one of the Psalms: 'Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into the darkness.' Lover, friend, acquaintance. Your individuality is the centre; round it and near it is the little circle of love—those who are your nearest and dearest. Round that is a large concentric circle of friends, and then round that is a very large circle of acquaintances. All the people who you know are lovers, friends, and acquaintances. I say the same thing about books. Certain books you love, and they are the special books, the books you want to read every year, the books you would not be without, the books you would keep at all costs. Find the books that you love, and then find your friends among books."

—Introduction to the 1919 catalogue of  
The Mosher Books.

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"Yes, I was fined \$200 for putting coloring matter 'in artificial butter.' 'Well, didn't you deserve it?' 'Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the magistrate who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers.'—Milestones.



## Marts and Money

Though the call money rate is ranging from 10 to 15 per cent, the quotations of leading New York stocks are maintained at or close to the previous high notches. Daily totals of transactions are well above the one-million-share mark. Labor troubles are not regarded as a weighty factor in the general situation. The outcome of the elections in Massachusetts is construed as an indication that the majority of the people are not in sympathy with communistic agitation.

Some of the foremost bankers talk guardedly concerning the farther future of financial markets. They see more or less serious difficulties ahead between this date and March 1, owing, mostly, to the complicated conditions in foreign exchange markets. For this reason, the pressure of liquidation has been somewhat more pronounced in the past few days. Much of it came from pools who thought it advisable to secure profits on shares which had been bought at the low figures of some months ago. The gains must have run from thirty to forty points in various instances. That the consequent declines didn't go beyond five or ten points must be considered a remarkable phenomenon of Stock Exchange finance. The present price of U. S. Steel common is practically the same as it was a week back, that is, 107 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

As a natural result of increasing irregularity of price movements, the public shows a propensity to hold aloof from purchasing at prevailing values, the expectation being that the growing monetary stringency should bring more material depreciation before the year's close. Rates for foreign exchange denote additional moderate declines. Sterling is rated at \$4.14 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Paris at 8.98 and Genoa at 8.16. The last two quotations imply new minimum records.

The prices of copper shares still display sagging tendencies, though the quotation for the metal is virtually unchanged, that is to say, at or near 22 to 22 $\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound. The October report of the Anaconda puts the month's output at 15,000,000 pounds. This means the best record since January last, when the total was 15,900,000. The year's minimum was set in June; it was 10,530,000 pounds. The present quotation for Anaconda—66 $\frac{1}{4}$ —shows a loss of about three points when compared with the year's top mark. The stock's action reflects enlarged demand for speculative investors who are appreciative of the fact that the company is bound to profit substantially by the high and apparently still rising value of silver. Moreover, there are optimistic reports respecting the copper mines owned in South America. October's aggregate of copper sales was 130,000,000 pounds, which compares with 175,000,000 in July. The records for August and September were considerably below that for October.

Advices with regard to the iron and steel situation remain encouraging. On account of steady accumulation of certain steel products, it is said that quotations for exporting purposes have been cancelled. Some au-

thorities voice the belief that there may be a real shortage of important

products in the next few months. Such deficiency would undoubtedly have been witnessed ere this save for the unsettling influences of extensive strikes. The *Iron Age* informs us that in consequence of the labor troubles, October's pig iron production decreased 624,000 tons during October. Touching equipment orders, we are informed that the total still is disappointingly small, but the opinion exists that the promised early return of railroad systems to stockholders will lead to a marked expansion in the volumes of contracts. According to official figures, the number of common stockholders of the U. S. Steel Corporation was 73,456 at the end of September. This implies a falling off of 615 from the record presented at the close of the second quarter. Despite the decline in the number of holders, liquidation of small holdings has not enlarged floating supplies in brokerage houses. This suggests that

buying for investment is steadily growing.

The railroad outlook is envisaged with increasing confidence. This explains the striking firmness of values in most all cases. It is clearly understood that the course of liquidation has run its course and that some prominent bearish operators expect a general uplift before long. The drift of things at the national capital seems to foreshadow a better solution of the difficulties than had been considered likely up to about a month ago.

With reference to dealings on the Stock Exchange, Mr. Pierpont V. Davis, of the National City Company, has lately commented as follows, in part: "I analyzed the sales on the Stock Exchange recently. Out of 6,600,000 shares sold, less than 500,000 were railroad, and of these 200,000 shares were of Southern Pacific, and in the Street that is now regarded as an oil stock. If this indicated a healthy state of affairs, I would not

protest, for the investment banker does not like to see railroad stocks made a speculative football. But the figures indicate the judgment of thousands of shrewd men that railroad securities are not now attractive. They seem to possess no chance for speculative profit, and do not offer at the present time due investment stability. I hope as a result of pending legislation that railroad securities may be definitely assigned to the investment classification. Railroads are the largest consumers of steel in the country, yet it is something of an anomaly that when only six railroad stocks sell over par, and 7 per cent dividend shares like Great Northern are at a discount of 15 per cent, Crucible Steel should sell at 250 and Baldwin Locomotive at 150. The investor is not dissuaded from buying railroad securities because railroad presidents tell hard-luck stories to the Interstate Commerce Commission, as some people think. He is influenced by facts which impress themselves rudely on



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**STANDARD THEATRE** SEVENTH and  
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TWO SHOWS DAILY—2:15 AND 8:15

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his mind. His dividends, for example, are cut or passed; his coupons returned from the bank unpaid; he cannot collect the principal of his bond or note at maturity. Experience of that sort makes a deep impression and hardly a popular one."

The hopefulness of sentiment on the Stock Exchange is reflected in the report that two memberships were sold at \$110,000 each in the last few days, or at the highest price ever recorded. The financial tension in Great Britain and Europe in general is brought home to us by the announcement that the Bank of England has raised its discount rate from 5 to 6 per cent, or to the highest level in about three years.

### Finance in St. Louis.

On the Fourth Street Exchange brokers are doing a moderate volume of business. There are no features of especial interest right now, and transactions are well distributed. The banking group is all but dormant, only Bank of Commerce being in active request at times. Two hundred and thirty shares of National Candy common were sold at \$154.50 lately. Talk of still higher prices persists in brokerage offices. Two hundred and seventy shares of Indianoma Refining were placed at \$7.62½; ten Missouri Portland Cement at 86; \$15,000 East St. Louis & Suburban 5s at 50, and \$1,000 United Railways 4s at 54. One of the particularly interesting incidents of the last few days was the bidding-up of Ely-Walker D. G. common to \$196.87½ bid, \$210, asked. Time loans continue to be made at 5½ to 6 per cent at local banks and trust companies.

### Local Quotations:

	Bid.	Asked.
Boatmen's Bank.....	138	.....
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	136½	.....
Northwestern Savings.....	310	.....
State National Bank.....	185	.....
Chippewa Bank.....	252½	.....
First National Bank.....	220	223
United Railways com.....	.....	3
do pfd.....	11	.....
do 4s.....	52	53
Fulton Iron com.....	.....	70
do pfd.....	106½	.....
Certain-tyed com.....	55	55½
do 1st pfd.....	89	90
Indianoma Refg.....	115½	117½
Laclede Steel.....	127¾	129
St. L. Cotton Compress.....	40	.....
Ely & Walker com.....	195	.....
International Shoe com.....	130	.....
do pfd.....	108½	109½
Brown Shoe pfd.....	99½	100
Granite-Bimetallic.....	55	58½
Einstadt pfd.....	108	.....
Marland Refg.....	7½	7½
Marland Refg.....	20	.....
Ind. Brew. 6s.....	57½	.....
National Candy com.....	150	.....
Century Electric.....	190	207
Wagner Electric.....	.....	179

### Answers to Inquiries.

READER, St. Louis.—(1) Texas Co. debenture 6s, mature in 1931. The conversion privilege can no longer be taken advantage of. It ended about four years ago. Bonds are quoted at 104 and may be regarded as a good investment. (2) The 3 per cent Kansas City Southern gold 3s are a commendable purchase for investment. The current price of 57½ is not too high. The high esteem in which the bonds are held is sufficiently indicated by the fact that they are valued about a point higher than Northern Pacific 3s.

L. K. G., Sheffield, Ala.—Continental Candy is quoted on the New York Stock Exchange. The ruling price of 14½ is nearly two points below the maximum attained some weeks ago. Stock is essentially speculative, but likely to develop into a well-paying proposition a year or two hence. Company controls the Buddy-Buds property, which in turn will acquire the American Confectionery Syndicate in the near future. Continental Candy stock has no par value. There are 500,000 shares outstanding. Formerly controlled by Corn Products Co.

STOCKHOLDER, Cincinnati, O.—(1) Lake Erie & Western preferred seems fairly priced at 21¾. It's a long-range speculation. Company controlled by New York Central. You should stick to your certificate, for probabilities favor hopes of a considerably higher

valuation next year. Not many years ago the stock was classed among desirable investment issues. (2) Hold your Montana Power common.

FINANCIER, Neligh, Neb.—(1) Tobacco Products preferred is a business man's investment. The 7 per cent dividend is safely earned, and the quoted price of 101 appears legitimate. Total surplus at end of 1918 was \$3,393,188. A few months ago, stock sold at 120. (2) You need not hesitate in purchasing American Tobacco 6 per cent preferred, now selling at 99½. (3) You shouldn't be in a hurry about disposing of your Central Leather 5s, selling at 97½. They are desirable securities. They fall due in 1925, sold at 103½ in 1916, the best on record.

M. C. B., St. Louis.—(1) Lackawanna Steel is quoted at 93¾. For the September quarter, company earned 98 cents a share for the stock, as compared with deficit of \$233,000 for the previous three months. Accordingly, company earned \$3.75 for nine months ended September 30. Stock should be bought in case of decline to 80. (2) Nova Scotia Steel, quoted at 79, shows decline of eleven points from year's maximum. Recommend purchase in event of drop to about 68. Company's prospects are highly promising.

### Coming Shows

A musical version of that rarely humorous farce "A Full House" is coming to the American theatre next week. The musical offering, called "The Velvet Lady," has played in New York for a season and in Chicago. It should prove a great favorite with St. Louisans since the lyrics are by the late Henry Blossom and the music by Victor Herbert. The combination of Blossom and Herbert foundation on "A Full House" should prove a winner.

"The Bird of Paradise," Tully's play of Hawaii now in its ninth season, will return to the Shubert-Jefferson next Sunday for a week with Florence Rockwell in the title role. The quality of fascination which "The Bird of Paradise" so definitely possesses is blended of many things. It lies partly in the wailing, whining Hawaiian music, partly in the singularity of character of scene and of story. It is redolent of drowsy tropics.

Manager Sullivan of the Orpheum says it is not too much to announce that he will have eight headline acts next week, for the headline actor, Sylvester Schaffer, puts on an act equal to eight, ranging from legerdemain to sharp shooting, from music to painting. Other numbers are Sallie Fisher in a return of "The Choir Rehearsal;" Nellie Nichols in a new series of character bits; Elsa Ruegger, cellist; Bert Fitzgibbons, "the original daffydill;" Kenny and Hollis in "Freshy's Initiation;" Welch, Nealy and Montrose, "surprise boys;" and Miramo brothers in their flying torpedoes.

Tom Brown's Musical Highlanders will be the leading feature of the Grand Opera House bill next week. Victor Burns and Adelaide Willson will present "The Untrained Nurse." "Under One Roof" is an amusing sketch to be offered by Harry Thorne and company. Skelly and Heit will contribute song studies and character delineations. Delton, Mareena and Delton, equilibrist; Harrington and Mills, the "Darktown Steppers;" Joe Nathan, monologist and cartoonist; Pat and Peggy Houlton in "A Summer Flirtation;" Evans and Dean with a novelty; Fletcher's Screen Monologue and other pictures complete the show.

The big number on the Columbia bill for the last half of the current week is a trained animal circus; leading the band is little Hip, the elephant, and his chimpanzee companion, Napoleon. Other numbers will be a dance divertissement by Boila and company; Keating and Walton in "The Younger Generation;" Billy Kinkaid, versatile Scotch entertainer; and Loos brothers, vocalists. The feature picture is Eugene O'Brien in "Sealed Hearts."

### The Young Nations of Europe

Following the successful course of lectures by Charles Zoubin on "The Gospel of American Democracy" a second course of six lectures on "The Young Nations of Europe" will be given by Professor Earl Barnes under the auspices of the Ethical Society. The purpose of the lectures is to aid in the understanding of the New Europe, and in the mutual interpretation of the peoples of those nations in this country to one another and to their fellow citizens here. The lectures will cover the Czechoslovak republic, Poland, the Baltic and Balkan states, Hungary, Austria and Asia Minor, with special reference to the new Jewish state in Palestine. It is expected that at each lecture there will be local representatives of the various nationalities. At the opening lecture next Friday a choral group of the Czechoslovaks will sing some of their national hymns. Professor Barnes was formerly professor of European history in the University of Indiana and later professor of education at Stanford University. He is now devoting his time to writing and lecturing. The present course will be given on the Friday evenings from November 14 to December 19 at Sheldon Memorial.